THE ALTERNATIVE

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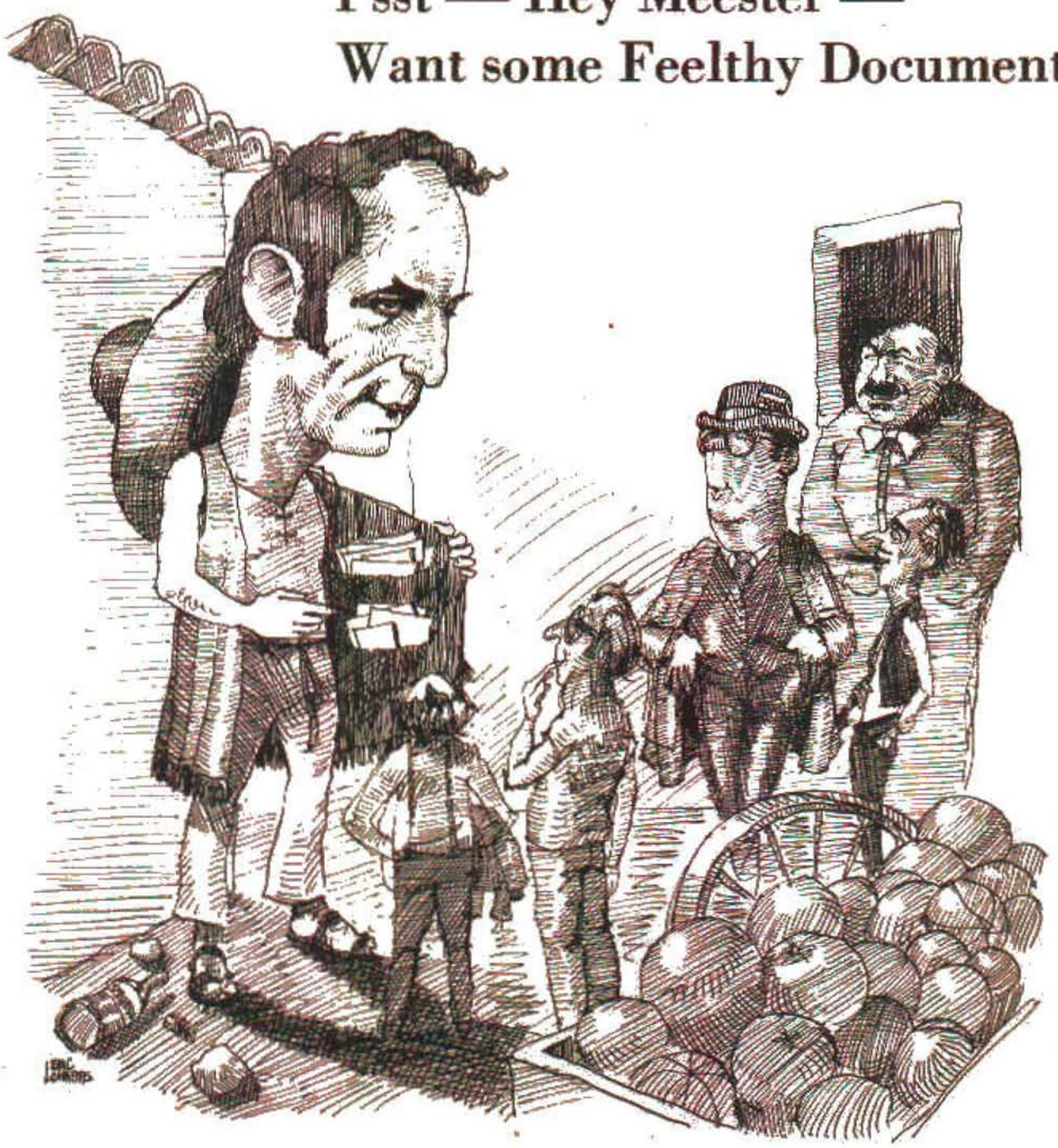

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THE ALTERNATIVE: TO BARE THE WITNESS AND THE TRUTH

Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin — the question of sex is still in committee.

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The Continuing Crisis

●It was a cool summer. Mr. Nixon faced hurriedly gathered microphones and television cameras and announced his intention to pay his respects to the leaders of Communist China sometime next year. In a less perilous though more expensive journey, American astronauts Col. David Scotland and Lt. Col. James Irwin landed on the moon where they collected 170 pounds of semi-precious stones. The Washington *Post* reported that Senator J. William Fulbright would like to be the United States' first ambassador to Red China. Later in the month the National Organization for Women observed Women's Achievement Week (22-29 August) but refrained from calling a massive strike similar to last year's strike which paralyzed the nation.

●In India that war between Gold Spot, the Indian orange drink sensation, and Coca-Cola reached even into the august Parliament when leftist members demanded to know why the government had not at least nationalized the American corporation's mammoth syrup works in that country. Several hundred thousand Bengalis were reported starving on the Indian-Pakistani border, and in disaster-ridden East Pakistan the Red Cross put an apparently useless shipment of brassieres to good use by cutting them in half and using the cups to measure rations for starving people. Mr. Robert Pierpont reported that Chicago received a black eye when Joel and Tony Ahlstrom passed through in the midst of their remarkable "Save America" run. They intend to attract attention to our messy world by running from Long Beach, Cal. to Long Beach, N.Y., and they termed Chicago, in the words of Mr. Tony Ahlstrom, "the worst yet"; he, incidentally, plans to take up the cloth.

●The Administration's war on crime showed signs of success as Attorney General Mitchell interpreted the FBI's Uniform Crime Report to mean that for the first three months of 1971 crime rose only five percent — the lowest in five years. While in Rabat, Morocco, sociologists advised the reopening of government-controlled brothels which have been closed since 1956. America's fifth threatened rail strike in sixteen months was negotiated to a happy ending, and on 31 July negotiators' last-minute negotiations forfended a steel strike. Steel workers received an estimated thirty percent wage increase per year for a three-year period. Mayor Richard Hatcher begged for federal aid for Gary as thousands of steel workers were forced out of work, and big steel edged toward what looks like an eight percent price increase. Congress guar-

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Editorials

In the Shadow of Yesterday's Foolishness

The problem with the Ritualistic Liberal in contemporary America is that he thinks the 1920's never ended; the problem with the Ritualistic Rightist is that he wishes they had never ended. To the editors of *The New York Review of Books*, the swinish William Kunstler smells as sweet as Clarence Darrow, and history has proved Darrow to have been an honorable man. To the editor of *American Opinion*, Coca-Cola and mah-jong sound like an orgy. The ritualistic rightist is a nuisance to the civilized person whose travels take him through dark hamlets in Mississippi; the ritualistic leftist is an annoyance everywhere else. To listen to the rightist is to take in the bizarre and the dubious; to avoid the leftist is impossible. Hence, the ritualistic leftist is most deserving of a firing squad — and a test of his orthodoxy is just how literally he will interpret this line. For the ritualistic leftist lives in constant fear of the American Legion and the Justice Department. To his mind, A. Mitchell Palmer could strike at any minute, and it is his gorgeously imaginative mind that forever holds me at the edge of my chair.

Somehow the ritualistic leftist has arrogated every decent liberal value and twisted them one by one into abject abominations. In his hands tolerance of ethnic or religious diversity became caresses of encouragement for ethnocentric intolerance and sordidness. His claims to thoughtfulness are empty and idiotic. He is an automaton of ritual who duly stands by while wise men sanction his every opinion and aspiration. If there exists a coherent set of principles conducing him to the conclusions he holds they are enigmatic, for his conclusions are chaotic.

To me a convention of the Americans for Democratic Action (ADA) is as incomprehensible as an evening spent eavesdropping at the city drunk tank. The ritualistic leftist's devotion to freedom impels him to loathe America while celebrating Cuba. His belief in recognizing *de facto* governments leads him to exhort recognition of Red China while shunning Rhodesia or South Africa. Simultaneously he snorts at materialism and spirituality. He begs for a rational social order and goes panting off after every romantic cause shimmering on the horizon. Chiding the idea that money will buy happiness, he urges its expenditure to ease urban discontent, or practically any other social problem. Government may not breathe on the porno peddler but must rush to the scene if some fiend is selling cereals which do not really snap, crackle and pop or breads which do not actually build strong bodies in eight different ways. Anti-gun laws will solve the problem of guns, but anti-drug laws cannot possibly solve the drug problem. As I see it, the ritualistic leftist feels that everything government does not preside over, it should preside over, and about half the things it does preside over, it should not preside over.

The ritualistic leftist is an ardent crusader; he can no more pass up a "good cause" or a "moral obligation" than can a hound trot indifferently past the community fire hydrant. Hence he is a notorious sucker, and the results can be as devastating as they are bound to be humorous. Ten years ago there was more sympathy for lowering the driver's age than for lowering the voting age. Then the universities started going up in smoke, and word spread that the students were old enough to vote. Anyone who dared question the freshly-minted exaggerations about the wisdom and reliability of eighteen-year-olds was written off as a disciple of Fisher Ames. So in 1972 a luminous pack of eighteen-year-olds will be sent off to vote. But if one of those same responsible eighteen-year-olds, after spending his afternoon in a voting booth, decides to spend the evening in a saloon, he is liable to be clapped into the calaboose. Still not a peep has arisen from the ritualists about the egregious incongruity. The issue is simply not yet what they call "a priority." When it becomes one, who knows, we might all lose our franchise.

Of course the disturbing thing about the ritualistic leftist is not his bewildering abundance of contradictions or even his transmogrification of liberalism. What is alarming is that he has appointed himself proctor of American virtue. He is the new wowser, the reincarnation of Babbittry and, in more and more realms of American life, he weaves the new orthodoxy — one somewhat less civilized than that prevailing in Albania, a nation he greatly admires.

His art is anti-aesthetic, but it claims lush rewards and high acclaim from the critics who reside, not surprisingly, in the universities. His scholarship is turgid propaganda, booming kookery and moonshine, but it is pondered in all the great universities where it is increasingly held unassailable. Though the paradigmatic ritualistic leftist thinks and acts as autonomously as a laboratory rat, he is convinced that he is "doing his own thing," which lands a certain snootiness to his every banal act. Not surprisingly he envisions himself as the authentic spokesman for *real* patriotism and *real* Americanism. And he becomes amusingly indignant if criticized for wearing a lurid rendering of the American flag or if questioned about one of his peculiar interpretations of America's early years.

If he reads at all, the ritualistic leftist reads from a very restricted list of journals. One of his favorites is *The New York Review of Books*, a journal that is didactic, self-righteous and written in solecistic Middle English. Lamentably for the serious student, it is his most literate journal.

His political spokesmen, whom he invariably envisions as towering messiahs, are generally moral idiots. Compared to Teddy Kennedy, Harding was a genius. George McGovern is an amusing windbag. The only difference I can see between him and William Jennings Bryan is that McGovern will never even once get the opportunity to be rejected by the American people.

Their imbecility is epitomized by Mayor Lindsay's high falutin tergiversation to the Democratic party and by his aspirations to the presidency. Even his supporters agree that about his only qualification for that high office is that his profile would improve the appearance of one side of a ten-cent coin. He has made the richest city in the world the poorest. London was more livable during the blitz. After his administration, nothing worse could befall New York City than that he be elected President. If Mr. Lindsay epitomizes the imbecility of the ritualistic leftists who adore him, his public utterances nail down the point with which I began this article — to wit, that the ritualistic leftist thinks the 1920's never ended.

Remember in August when he broke with Mr. Nixon's party? Was he boiling because of inflation, the war, crime in the streets or any of the other issues which trouble the contemporary Americano? Of course not. According to the celebrated Chicago *Tribune*, the thing that troubled Mr. Lindsay most about the Nixon Administration was its "retreat" from the Bil of Rights. Is that not the cat's pajamas? According to the mayor, "Washington has tapped telephones without court order; spied on our citizens with military agents; arrested thousands of people — protesters and bystanders alike — without legal authority; ... and even tried to censor what we see on television and read in our newspapers." There you have it — everything but a reference to Sacco and Vanzetti. Obviously the man deals in antiques. Unfortunately for the ritualistic leftist, Prohibition, immigration quotas and the League of Nations are not matters of great importance to many contemporary Americans. Political bombings and massed violence are, and the public interest will not be served by confusing yesterday's foolishness with today's social problems.

George Nathan

Flush Times Return for the Career Moralists

As the guns cool in Vietnam they seem to be heating up at home. Those whose exertions made for them budding careers in anti-war promotions are now — due to Mr. Nixon's Asian diplomacy and Vietnamization — faced with an uncertain job market, and if Mr. Nixon's diplomacy really does yield up his generation of peace these people might well be forced into less spectacular modes of employment, say at the capitalist's door. Lest they suffer such a bleak fate the anti-war peddlers are going to have to sell their clients another program.

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Fortunately the Vietnam War has ushered in a fit of national self-examination unsurpassed in American history. And after peering deeply into the mirror, the American Republic — once held up as the most beautiful republic of them all — has perceived a startling array of ugly creases, ominous discolorations, even warts and hair. Two of those warts we call poverty and welfare. Their presence has put a twinkle in the eye of every career moralist.

Interlarded amongst their anti-war rhetoric they have always placed just a little anti-poverty rhetoric; this fall on the campuses those slices of anti-poverty rhetoric are certain to become thicker and thicker. Those who began their careers demanding an immediate end to the war in Vietnam now are demanding an end to poverty — they say they want welfare reform.

So that we do not allow the frauds in this profession, through the sheer velocity of their effusions, to establish another one of their ideologized realities, it is time thoughtful persons think in public those thoughts that many policymakers have been thinking in private. Regarding both poverty and welfare reform there is a lot of windy nonsense about. Elsewhere in this issue George Will arrestingly presents what he calls a conservative critique of the contemporary welfare state. Here I shall only adumbrate some of the complexities of poverty and welfare which the career moralists are apt to skate over.

In their theatrical screeds they tell us that poverty is ravaging the Nation's spirit. They say that it is degrading us and that to eradicate it we must pump billions of dollars into our welfare system — not revise the system, just bloat it. But here they confront a galling irony. For welfare reform does not seem to eliminate poverty. Indeed it seems to produce it and it produces other things like fragmented community and broken families.

II

Through the middle and late sixties America was visited with one of the most dizzying sprees of welfare spending in her history. It occurred not because famine was upon the land — much to the contrary. Unemployment had fallen to the unprecedented peacetime level of 3.5 percent, and America was enjoying its most lush period of prosperity since World War II. The spending took place because men of goodwill, hurried by the claims of ideologues, wished to elevate the lives of vague congeries of their fellow Americans. Mr. Johnson had declared the "War on Poverty."

Today the years 1965-1968 are designated by another epithet. Policy-makers call them the years of "the poverty explosion." And no one of any significance considers these years to have been particularly salubrious, not policy-makers, not politicians and certainly not the poor. During the sixties the number of people on relief in New York City alone quadrupled — three quarters of that increase took place in the last five years. That is to say that as Americans expended ever more money on welfare, ever more people went on relief (mostly through Aid to Dependent Children), and this occurred in a time of prosperity and low unemployment. Obviously the welfare explosion was also a poverty explosion — a very odd occurrence for boom times. The astonishing fragmentation of the families of these poor, now supposedly so blessed by public generosity, was even odder and a little heartbreaking.

Simply stated, the reasons for the "welfare explosion" are: 1) it became the social workers' custom to get people on, rather than off, welfare; 2) as welfare payments rose welfare became a more economic way for the working poor and the lounging poor to live; 3) welfarists insisted that welfare was a respectable way to make a living, and so it became. As for the reasons for the increase in family disintegration, obviously no family needs a father to husband resources when government does a more lavish job.

The salient point of this, of course, is that mere availability of funds does not eliminate poverty, for today in America poverty is not what it used to be. When career moralists describe poverty in lurid terms borrowed from the pages of Dickens, they are not describing poverty in America. American poverty is — though to say it is to jeopardize one's status as a human being — a matter of relative deprivation. Writing in the 1967 summer issue of *The Public Interest*, Victor Fuchs described it authentically when he said: "By the standards that have prevailed over most of history and still prevail over large areas of the World, there are very few poor in the United States today. As our nation prospers, our judgment as to what constitutes poverty will inevitably change. When we talk about poverty in America we are talking about families and individuals who have much less income than most of us."

While remaining a driving issue in this nation of intuitive Good Samaritans, poverty in America is now an increasingly complicated issue whose most exigent need is intelligent, far-reaching analysis. Welfare is even more deserving of this sort of analysis. This year when the career moralists come to the campuses, caterwauling about America as if it were Victorian England and suggesting that poverty be washed away in a flood of crisp green dollars, let us remember how successful they were in ending the longest war in American history, and let us remember also what on ignominy it has become.

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

continuing crisis

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anteed Lockhead's $250 million loan during the same week Mr. Gordon (Bud) Filer of Altoona, Pa., the King-elect of the Hoboes, lashed out at those pundits who lump the hobo into the same category as the tramp or the bum. Clarifying much confusion Mr. Filer said hobo is "simply the traditional name for a migrant worker."

●As the school year drew closer Mr. Nixon surprised busing advocates by stating he "opposed busing of students to achieve racial balance ...." The Ninety-Second Congress held recess for the summer, and officials in Iguala, Mexico reported Miss Feliz Calderon Montes expired in her hammock when she rocked herself into entanglement. The National President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Mrs. Fred J. Tooze, divulged to an executive session of the World Woman's Temperance Union that last year Americans spent more than $2.5 million an hour on demon rum. Women's Achievement Week failed to receive W.C.T.U. support. The execution of communists in the Sudan continued threatening extinction of communist leaders in that troubled land. A researcher for the President's Commission on Pornography disclosed that young girls are often aroused sexually by rock music. And at the Vatican, Sister Flowera collapsed while checking the hems of women visiting St. Peter's basilica. The sale of rock records continued to climb at a record rate in the United States.

●Secretary of State Rogers announced that the United States would vote for seating both Chinas at the U.N., and the President morosely read of a $23.2 billion deficit for fiscal 1971. Down under, aborigine Mr. Neville Bonner, a part-time carpenter and boomerang maker, disgraced himself when he was sworn in as the first aborigine in the Australian Parliament.

●On 8 August the astronauts of Apollo 15 landed in the Pacific Ocean, and on 9 August authorities in Northern Ireland arrested three hundred alleged terrorists under the Special Powers Act allowing internment without trial. The arrests ignited a week of unpleasantness leaving twenty-six dead and many more critically ill with gunshot wounds. Russia and neutral India signed a twenty-year "friendship pact" on 10 August while India's relations with Pakistan worsened. After disturbing fellow convicts by pressing leaflets upon them in the Federal Correctional Institute in Danbury, Conn., Philip Berrigan, the celebrated peace-priest, was shipped off to the federal prison in Springfield, Mo.

●On 10 August Mr. George Meany, head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., demanded the President institute mandatory controls on wages, prices and profits. On 15 August President Nixon startled the nation by making a hortatory address on economics which the pundits represented as unlike any presidential address since FDR. Calling for some tax cuts and a ninety-day freeze on wages, prices and rents, he unharnessed the dollar from gold, imposed a ten percent surcharge on many imports, asked Congress to postpone action on welfare reform and revenue-sharing, promised to cut federal employment five percent and froze federal pay hikes for six months. Admirers were struck dumb and critics choked, but Presidential aspirant George McGovern sounded the tocsin of the libertarian economists (followers of economist Milton Friedman) when he described the plan "economic madness," declaring that the President "has no confidence in our workers, our business and in the free enterprise system." Finally in Spivey's Corner, North Carolina, Mr. Paul E. Parker, 80, was defeated by Mr. Leonard Goodwin, 67, in the Third National Hollerin' Contest. Mr. Goodwin blasted

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THE ALTERNATIVE October, 1971

The Conservative Critique of the Welfare State

George F. Will

What follows is an address by George F. Will, Assistant to Colorado's Senator Gordon Allott. In delivering this address at James Madison College on the campus of Michigan State University last May, Mr. Will noted the Welfare State's assumption into heaven.

The story is told of a Japanese delegate to an international conference of religious Liberals who, in a burst of ecumenical feeling, introduced himself to an American delegate by saying: "My miserable superstition is Buddhism. What is yours?" The wily oriental gentleman displayed a diplomatic understanding of the epistemology of occidental Liberalism.

I wish to be diplomatic while a guest of this college. But my philosophy and my function jeopardize the fulfillment of that wish. I am of a persuasion uncongenial to that by which, undoubtedly, you are seized: my miserable superstition is Republicanism — the sort practiced by the Senator for whom I labor contentedly, and whose ADA rating is five (of a possible 100) and falling. Moreover, my function is to disturb your dogmatic slumbers by announcing an alarming bulletin: conservatism exists and is truthful.

That conservatism exists will come as a stunning revelation to many of you. You either remember, or have heard of, the 1964 election which, as is well known, interred conservatism, there by saving the nation from Barry Goldwater, war domestic discord and other putative manifestations of conservatism.

My topic today is the conservative critique of the welfare state. My first point is that by now opposition to the welfare state is as much a matter of unadorned common sense as it is a manifestation of conservatism. Indeed, one scarcely knows what pro-welfare state argument to rebut. Hardly anyone actually defends the welfare state anymore. Welfare state measures continue to be written into the statute books, but that has virtually nothing to do with economic theory or political philosphy. Rather, as I shall explain, these measures only indicate the Liberal politicians' enthusiasm for using Peter's money to buy Paul's vote.

One cannot really say that the welfare state has failed to achieve its objective because it has never had a clear objective. It certainly has not achieved a significant portion of the goals it has randomly adopted.

Properly understood the welfare state is a panoply of laws and governmental institutions which, backed by the police power, regulate the productive and consuming activities of the citizens. These activities include (of course) the production and consumption of houses, hamburgers, medicine and education.

The term "welfare state" does not mean merely — or even primarily — a state given over to what we normally speak of as "welfare" — that is the provision of relief to the poor and disabled. Indeed, it is my contention that, typically and almost inevitably, welfare state activity involves the subsidization of large economic interests which, because of their close association with the government, have developed a noxious combination of characteristics. They are both very, very strong and very dependent on the government.

The essence of the welfare state *conceptis* the idea of pervasive governement activism to replace market economic forces by political forces in decisions about the distribution of wealth. The welfare state uses government power to compel certain kinds of producing and consuming activities, and thereby to compel a certain distribution of wealth. The essence of the welfare state myth is that the typical government action influencing the distribution of wealth is done on behalf of the disadvantaged.

A Distinctive Political Style

In fact, the real significance of the welfare state is that it represents a distinctive political style. It is primarily an instrument by which the politicans cope with the strong and thnized; it is not primarily an instrument for coping with the weak and disorganized.

Were the welfare state primarily the instrument of generous motives, it would still be a failure. There are some desirable goals which a government should not pursue because government action usually exacts a toll in freedom lost. But te important point is that if the welfare state were primarily an instrument of generous impulses on behalf of the disadvantaged, there would be less widespread criticism of it. After all, I know of no significant political figure of any persuasion who does not acknowledge tat it is the clear moral duty of a society to provide decently for those who cannot provide for themselves.

Perhaps a generous concern for the disadvantaged was the original motive for creating the welfare state, and thereby abandoning our healthy fear of comprehensive government. But it is now clear beyond peradventure that the disadvantaged are not the chief beneficiaries of this welfare state ethos which sanctions government activism throughout the economy in the interest of distributing privileges and re-distributing wealth.

The chief beneficiaries of the welfare state ethos are the organized interests on whose behalf most government interference with the economy is undertaken. These interests receive the lion's share of the subsidies which, drawn from general tax revenues or imposed by government-enforced restriction of competition, are our major means for redistributing wealth. As a result, the net effect of government manipulation of the economy is negative for the poor. That is, one clear result of the expansive activism of our expanded government is a lower living standard for the poor.

Liberals tell us it was not supposed to work out this way. Liberals are always saying that about something — Lyndon Johnson, or something. But, for reasons which I will come to, conservatives told them it would work out this way.

Before turning to the primary welfare state activities — those that do not even pretend to be about welfare as normally thought of — consider a bit of the record of the welfare state when it does attempt benevolence.

- Federal regulation of agriculture was supposed to save the small farms and slow the flow of population to the cities. The result has been a subsidy system that promotes large farms, penalizes small farms, and stimulates the flow of population into the cities, where the poor buy food at high prices which the Federal government supports using their tax revenues.
- Minimum wage laws are supposed to aid marginal workers by improving upon market forces. But I know of no economist who does not acknowledge that such wage laws produce unemployment among marginal workers, especially among young blacks.
- Regulation of trucking keep freight rates high. Regulation of air travel keeps ticket prices high, thereby restricting the mobility of the population. Regulation of the railroads has made them what they are today.
- The state monopoly of the postal services has helped make the penny postcard what it is today. This monopoly is backed by an astonishing law that makes private enterprise in postal services a federal crime. Lacking such a law, the state monopoly would be without business.
- Federal housing projects have resulted in an increase in slums and a decrease in the number of housing units available to the poor.
- Rent control was imposed in New York as a putative wartime necessity. Like all such laws, rent control will exist forever. That rent control creates slums is obvious to every thinking man who

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has studied the subject. That assertion is not contradicted by the fact that John Lindsay supports rent control. The government has demonstrated, repeatedly and conclusively, that it is absolutely unable to plan and produce "liveable cities" or even "liveable neighborhoods" any more than it can succeed in the foreign policy version of welfare statism — the grandiose project of "nation building" abroad.

●Today there are ten times more government agencies dealing with the problems of the cities than there were in 1939. But who believes the cities are better off — let alone ten times better off — than they were in 1939?

● In Washington, D.C. Liberal judges have concocted enough laws, and federal sociologists have concocted enough theories, to rationalize the Nation's most ambitous integration policy. The result is that Washington schools are 95 per cent black — the *least* integrated in the Nation.

The Welfare State on Campus

I could go on, but why bother? The most instructive example of welfare statism is at hand. It is the modern university. Its recent history demonstrates an important truth: the welfare state spends much time coping with problems it has created.

Sometime after the Second World War the Government, figuratively speaking, went down to the basement of the bureaucracy, and there consulted the entrails of a chicken. From these it divined a clear-and-present "need" for a rapid and vast expansion of higher education. Before long Government subsidies produced a vast expansion of graduate schools, and this produced an army of teachers. At that point expanding institutions were offering expanded job opportunities at inflated salaries. A ready supply of students was generated by keeping tuition costs far below the actual cost of the educational product, and far below the market value of the education to the recipient. But the number of faculty jobs and dormitory rooms expanded faster than the supply of competent people to fill them. Hence we faced a classic welfare state "crisis." Such a "crisis" exists when the Government is having trouble concocting a supply to match the demand it has concocted. The "crisis" was a paucity of competent people to produce and consume the decreed amount of education. The result was not the rational one — to reduce the decreed spending. Rather, the result was another decree: change the idea of competence. At the production end, scholars were allowed to redefine the scholars' task. They fashioned an egalitarian definition— one which would exclude no one, and therefore would not produce the embarassing "crisis" of an insufficient supply of competence. Henceforth the scholar's task would be hand-holding — to have "meaningful human relations" with students. This solved the other half of "crisis" at the consumption end: it redefined the idea of the competent student. A student is competent if he has hands to be held, or if he has his "own thing" to be done.

Presto! The welfare state suddenly found that a semantic fiat, revision of the meaning of "competence," created an elastic supply of "competent" faculty and students — a supply sufficient to sop up the government's expenditures.

But just to be on the safe side, a movement was begun to water down admissions policies and grading standards — just a bit of insurance to see that the supply of diluted "competence" can keep pace with the deluge of Government funding. This is how an artificial, Government-decreed "demand" for more education produced an odd supply of students and faculty. The result is that today, after a quarter of a century of government action, we now have universities teaching remedial reading courses.

Just to complete the picture of this fiasco, consider two relevant details

Most university students come from families in the upper income brackets.

Great American Series

"The freedom to speak is not absolute; the teaching of methods of terror and other seditious conduct should be beyond the pale along with obscentiy and immorality."

Justice Douglas
(341 U.S. 494, p. 481)

Furthermore, as a result of their education, these students will receive higher lifetime earnings than those persons — largely from poorer families — who have not gone to a university. But university students pay a negligible share of the cost of their education. This cost is born by the taxpayers, with low income taxpayers contributing an amount far in excess of the benefits their children receive.

Finally, vast numbers of recently generated graduates — and especially graduates from the humanities — now claim they cannot find employment that they think is suitable for persons with their training. A large number of them want to be teachers, and the teacher market is again glutted. This is another welfare state "crisis." Something — something bad — will be done, you can count on it. I am sure that soon a second government chicken will be consulted for a "cure" and all that we can know for sure about that cure is that it will make matters worse.

Meanwhile, our society is suffering a shortage of skilled technicians in a variety of perfectly respectable fields of employment, as anyone who is in need of a good mechanic will tell you. But none of this was anticipated when the entrails of the first chicken revealed that there was a crying "need" for a vast subsidization of higher education.

As *The Economist* of London explains (15 May 1971), this is par for the course in government enterprise:

"There is a very clear historical point of descent out of effective idealism into obstructionist nuisance value by any bureaucracy, and it is important that this still very able commission should realise it. The descent almost always comes when a bureaucracy (a) tries to interfere with market forces; then (b) finds that this interference is causing so much unnecessary trouble that dealing with this unnecessary trouble becomes its main occupation; and then (c) decides that, as dealing with this unnecessary trouble is its main occupation, the maintenance of the interference which causes this trouble is a high feature of its own professional interest or even (so it kids itself) of its political ideal.

This has happened again and again even in the civil services of strong unitary states. The civil service departments concerned build up interferences with the market, and thus create a lot of uneconomic pensioners who are wholly dependent on themselves, but who soon get very angry indeed with them for not giving them even more money. Thus ministries of agriculture all over the world exist to give uneconomic protection to farmers, but everywhere have turnips thrown at them; ministries of housing set up rent controls which thus distort patterns of housing use and create slums and homelessness, but are wildly unpopular whenever they at last allow rents to rise; and ministries of transport distort competition between road and rail, and are then pilloried whenever subsidised railway season-ticket rates are made slightly less uneconomic."

The melancholy lesson is this. Welfare state enterprises generate political pressures which guarantee that welfare state exertions will increase as the futility of previous exertions along the same line becomes patent.

As Liberals lurch from discredited assumptions to foregone conclusions, it becomes increasingly clear that the welfare state is fanatical. A fanatic is one who can change neither his mind nor the subject. Alternatively, a fanatic is one who doubles his effort after he has forgotten his objective.

To paraphrase Disraeli, upon seeing that the welfare state still has supporters, I find it easy to believe that the Egyptians once worshipped insects.

Obviously a critic of the welfare state need not be conservative, only observant and logical. For a critique of the welfare state to be conservative, it must do more than remark that state's myriad failures. Such a critique must proceed from some distinctively conservative insights and values. The conservative rejection of the welfare state, like all truly philosophic judgments of political matters, rests on a conception of man, and proceeds to derivative judgments about the nature of the good regime.

This can best be made clear by contrasting Conservatism with Liberalism.

Liberalism has two quite different, but equally disastrous, doctrines about man. One Liberalism should be called "tutorial Liberalism." This Liberalism is immoderately hostile toward man's passions and appetites. It encourages immoderate hopes for the malleability of man. This doctrine says that man can be rendered perfectly rational and (thus) men can be perfectly harmonious social creatures.

In fact "tutorial Liberalism" holds that perfect rationality and harmony are the "natural" conditions of men. Life would be rational and harmonious if only men were surrounded by a well-ordered state. Such a state should have

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an enveloping concern with the individual's welfare. It should monitor his education and his economic life. This welfare state should spare men the grubby experiences of looking after the necessities of life — such experinces might make him irritable. It should prevent competition which results in inequality. Such competition arouses spiritedness in winners and envy in losers. Spiritedness make men unpredictable and unmanageable. Envy makes men unhappy. Irritable, spirited, unhappy men are hard to perfect. This is the argument for the welfare state as supplied by "tutorial Liberalism."

Another Liberal philosophy should be called "flowering Liberalism." This celebrates the passions. It holds that if only the government will free men from mundane concerns — like providing for themselves — then men will flower like green bay trees. This "flowering Liberalism" conceives of man as a bursting pod, ready to explode spontaneously with good-natured creativity — if only the state will release him from distracting responsibilities. Eliminate material wants, elminate frustrations, and men will flower under the protecting umbrella of the welfare state.

Both "tutorial Liberalism" and "flowering Liberalism" justify state proctoring of the citizens' productive and consuming activities. Conservatives believe that these Liberalisms rest on false assumptions. Conservatives also believe that they foster government that is at best meddlesome and at worst dangerous.

Conservatives believe that as the Bible says, man is "born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward." He is imperfect and unperfectable. He is born under the domination of strong and growing appetites and passions. But he is also born with a nascent rational capacity.

The task for reason is not to snuff out the passions or starve the appetites. Rather, it is to control and elevate them.

This alone enables men to live noble lives, in cooperation with their fellow citizens. The social conditions of living should help men learn to master their appetites. Indeed, reason is developed by the activity of planning and calculating for the provision of one's own wants. Thus the state should not spare men the necessity for such planning and calculating.

Conservatism denies that institutional tinkering can supply the permanent defects of human beings. Indeed, institutions must be accommodated to the fact that men are predominately self-interested and will remain so.

Thus Conservatism favors the *social conditions* which *inflict* disciplining competition and *compel* self-reliance. Conservatism favors *government* institutions which *require* disciplined political appetites. Conservatism favors constitutional republicanism. This is majority rule expressed through representatives legislating under the restraint of fundamental law. Thus limited government results from requiring popular sovereignty to conform to the sovereignty of supreme law.

Conservatives understand that men need fewer "external" laws imposed by the state when they have stronger "internal" laws of personal discipline. Such discipline is encouraged by living in a society where men learn the need to their own energies for the satisfaction of *their own appetites*. In short, self-reliance is good for the soul, and men of well-ordered souls do not need, and will not tolerate a leviathan. Conservatives understand that not all forms of equality can be secured by government in a free society. Equality of opportunity can be secured; equality of condition cannot even be approximated without allowing a despotic government to suppress every form of excellence, and every deviation from mediocrity.

Good Fences

Above all, conservatism believes that a primary threat to the good life is the use of political power by some inviduals to invade the private affairs of other individuals. Conservatives feel that good fences make good neighbors.

The welfare state demolishes fences; it is casual with the distinction between public and private affairs; its practices are a constant incitement to unneighborly behavior. The democratic welfare state acts altruistically even less often than the average person does. Usually the welfare state acts when some elected official finds it in his political interest to use the power of the state, and the money of the people, to promote the welfare of an interest group. Fix this rule firmly in your mind: welfare as commonly understood — measures intended to help poor people — is not the major issue when discussing the debilities of the welfare state.

No clients — neither the few poor nor the many strong — receive intelligent treatment from the welfare state. The welfare state's typical combination of inadequate information and inappropriate motives insures that. But the poor particularly are not the kinds of clients toward whom a democratic welfare state will be especially solicitous. On the contrary, the actions of a democratic welfare state on behalf of its most typical clients will hurt the poor in two ways. First, welfare state actions will inflict general damage on the competitiveness — and hence the vitality and growth — of the economy. Second, these actions will involve many indirect but keenly felt injuries to the poor.

A free, booming, competitive economy — not the mythical altruism of the welfare state — is the only solid hope for the poor.

Dependent children are well-known welfare state clients. Dependent farmers are more important. Welfare state aid to dependent farmers insures that food for dependent children — and for the rest of us — will be unnessarily expensive. Aid to dependent shoe manufacturers will insure that dependent children — and the rest of us — pay unneccessarily high prices for shoes. Why does this come to pass?

Representative government in a vast and complicated society responds with special sensitivity to the special pleading

Inflation vs. Competition

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of organized groups with very specific interests. It is hard to know how to deliver "justice" for 205 million Americans. But any politician skillful enough to get to Washington knows exactly how to deliver import quotas and price supports for the cotton growers. Politicians, like the rest of us, like to do what they know how to do.

Our welfare state is very solicitous about the welfare of cattlemen, and about textile and shoe manufacturers and cotton growers and growers of everything else; it is very solicitous of sellers of airline tickets and oil producers. It fixes thousands of prices — to keep them from falling as a result of competition. It exempts labor unions from anti-trust laws — to enable them to restrict access to professions and thereby limit the number of competitors. The welfare state is especially fond of import quotas. When the state denies to its citizens the right to import what it pleases when it pleases, it guarantees (~~say~~) the shoemaker a captive market. That eliminates untidy competition from foreigners who make better shoes cheaper. Competiton is messy and disorderly. Government loves order, and it is easy simply to reduce liberty, making those who lose the liberty pay the added penalty of it in higher prices for everything they consume.

But how does the welfare state escape the wrath of the general citizenry?

The fundamental point is this. The solicitousness on behalf of special interests is very obvious to — and very much appreciated by — those special interests. But these acts of favoritism are rarely very obvious to the general citizen, who has much better things to do with his time than monitor the details of legislative and bureaucratic decisions. And the injuries done to the average citizen — the diminution of liberty and disposable income — are done indirectly and by unspectacular increments. Hence the average citizen is more apt to be bewildered than indignant. The average citizen senses the fact that his liberty and wealth are melting away, but he does not know how it is being done, or by whom. But the special interests — the unions and shoe manufacturers — know exactly how they have benefited, and they know exactly whom to thank, and how to thank them. Shoemakers are organized; shoe wearers are not. Dairy men are organized on behalf of meat import quotas. Cheese eaters are not. No citizen can track down and effectively oppose even one percent of one percent of the government regulations, quotas, licensing provisions, protected monopolies, fixed prices and other hidden taxes which diminish his liberties and his discretionary income.

This does not mean that we should abandon democracy. Rather, we should abandon the welfare state mentality which tolerates meddlesome government. Such government will not mind its own business because it cannot distinguish its business from everyone else's business. All our *political* decisions should be made democratically; but we should make fewer political decisions. That is we should employ less state power, and leave more decisions to private arrangements among free producers and consumers.

By now it should be clear why I say that the significance of the welfare state lies not in its systematic application of an interesting economic theory. Nor is it the incarnation of an imaginative social philosophy. The real significance of the welfare state is very practical and very political.

Earlier in my remarks I referred to the welfare state as a device for using Peter's money to secure Paul's vote. To put the matter another way, the welfare state is the institutionalization of Harry Hopkins' well-known formula for political success. In a rare moment of candor, FDR's closest advisor declared that FDR's political technique was to "tax, tax — spend, spend — elect, elect." That is a fair summation of the *tactics* of the New Deal, the spirit of the welfare state, and the degradation of democracy.

Factions are generally good for society. As Madison said, the more the merrier. Their competition and cooperation gets things done; and it prevents the domination of a stable, solid and possibly tyrannical majority. But a multiplicity of factions is only a force for good as long as the government remains neutral as the factions compete for the rewards of life. When the government intervenes in that competition and becomes a bestower of prosperity, the multiplicity of factions becomes a multiple attack on the public treasury and the public's liberties.

The entrepreneurial spirit has served us well. But that spirit is being transformed in two ways by the welfare state. It is being stifled and diluted by regulation which aims to substitute a bureaucracy's conception of rationality for market rationality. In addition, the entrepreneurial spirit has found a new and unwholesome outlet in the competition for government favors. Alert entrepreneurs understand that the government is now the primary creator of great private fortunes. Government dispensations — be they airline routes, television channels, radio frequencies or whatever — are as lucrative as they are effective in generating graft. (You may have noticed that this year the Internal Revenue Service, bowing to the realities of life in the welfare state, announced that bribes to government officials constitute a legitimate business expense deduction)

Many Liberals recognize that what I have described is indeed the pattern of welfare state action; they recognize that the coming of the welfare state did not change man from a self-interested and competitive animal; they know that, on the contrary, the coming of the welfare state just made the state an instrument which self-interested competitors try to capture for their private economic benefit. So Liberals adopt a fall-back justification. They argue that all Americans are members of some such interest groups, and hence the scramble after government-bestowed privilege is a *democratic free* scramble for privilege.

This argument has many flaws:

● First, it is an interesting theory, but only a theory. Not every American has a special pleading organization.

● Second, few Americans have special pleading organizations at work in every area where government actions affect his producing and consuming activities.

● Third, not all special pleading organizations are created equal in strength.

● Fourth, a free-for-all test of strength among such organizations is a test of strength, not equity.

● Fifth, a mandatory free-for-all is not liberty. It is pernicious to argue that free government is functioning well just because all citizens have an equal right to enter the scramble for welfare state favoritism.

● Sixth, if we consider government-bestowed privilege a legitimate object of citizen lust, then we are accepting the Harry Hopkins-FDR degradation of the democratic spirit.

The welfare state is proof of the conservative belief that men, taken in the mass, are irreducibly self-interested competitors. Normal common sense is no match for appetites inflamed by the prospect of winning favoritism from the government.

Thus the only hope for free government is for the government to refuse to encourage the free-for-all scramble after favoritism.

Author's Query

I am interested in biographical materials on the kenetic poets V. Vichovich Viskorky, who was sporadically popular for a short time in July and August of 1970, and Milo Prune-Smith who is not yet popular.
Leslie Fiedler
Harvey's All Nite Grill
Rochester, New York

It is the duty of free government to avoid inflaming those appetites. Government should order and discipline competition; it should enforce rules of decent market beavior; and it should maintain a broad neutrality as to the competitive allocating of resources among the producing and consuming activities of the citizens. But Liberals tell us not to worry about a despotic use of the welfare state's power. Liberals say:

Never mind that he who pays the piper calls the tune; never mind that state support invariably means state control. Never mind, because the state is democratic, which means it is controlled by "the people."And the people —thanks to the comprehensive tutelege of the welfare state — are rational and harmonious. Being harmonious, their only conception of goodwill is the common good. And being rational, there are no significant or nasty disagreements as to what that common good is.

This soothing argument cannot withstand the force of the three principal objections I have adumbrated above. I will repeat them here.

● First, some supporters of the *welfare state* — those who believe in tutelary Liberalism, want a strong state to exploit the malleability of man. This is just the sort of paternalistic belief which will make a strong state act despotically.

● Second, those who believe in "flowering Liberalism" want a strong state to release men from competition, scarcity and the need to husband energies and curb appetites. But if men are spared the rigors of self-reliance, they will never develop the character which enables a mature man to use freedom productively in the pursuit of various excellences.

(continued to page 23)

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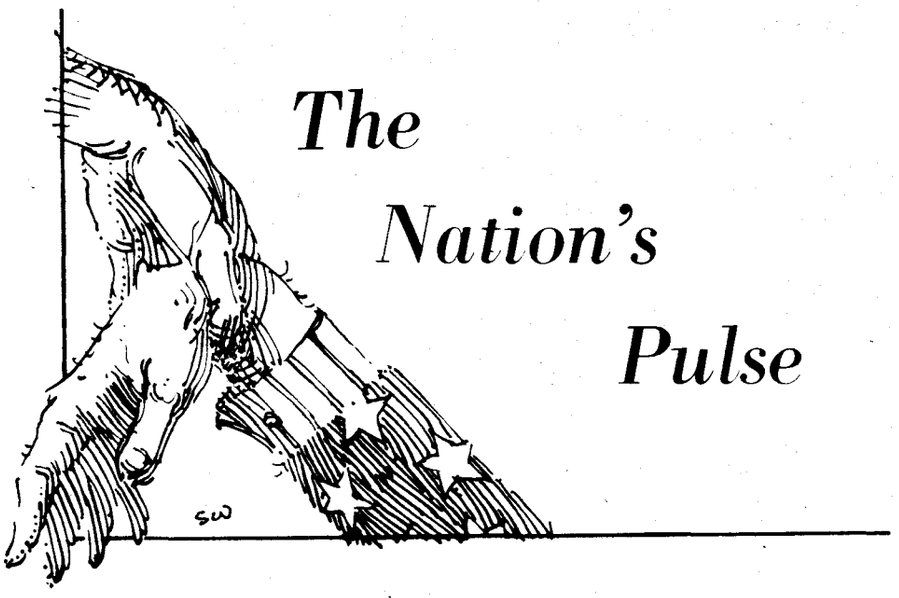

The Nation's Pulse

A "Humanitarian" Boondoggle

Alton Heywood

The trouble with conservatives is their belief that 1984 must come, as Mao promised, out of the barrel of a gun. It seldom occurs to them that it is far more likely to creep in, like Sandburg's fog, on little cat feet. They're all going to wake up one morning to discover that Big Brother moved in during the night, bag, baggage, and relatives, and that there's absolutely nothing that anyone, anywhere can do about it. They will have armed themselves to the teeth and kept guarded watch from the battlements only to discover, when the crunch comes, that someone's gone and poisoned the water supply.

A case in point is S. 2007, a catch-all social welfare bill that, but for the grace of God and an already scheduled summer recess, might have breezed through the Senate without so much as a whimper from the Right. And as things stand now, it may do so yet.

S. 2007 started out as a simple two-year extension of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Experience would suggest, however, that nothing proximately or remotely connected with OEO could ever be simple. OEO is by common agreement the most notorious boondoggle in the long and jaded history of governmental boondoggles. It has enemies even on the Left, and its extension by Congress is by no means a sure bet.

Those wonderful folks who gave us the War on Poverty, however, never want for new frontiers. They have undertaken to save OEO by adding onto the extension bill a number of items calculated to secure a self-interested majority for the whole works — the theory being that no one will vote against an entire package even if he dislikes parts of it so long as there's at least one major part that can be worked to his constituency's advantage. In the matter of bridges, dams, and highways, this is known as the old porkbarrel. In the matter of social welfare legislation, it's called humanitarian progress and statesmanlike compromise.

And so it was that as S. 2007 wended its way from subcommittee through parent committee to Senate floor, all manner of goodies got themselves tacked onto the OEO extension bill, including, but not limited to: (a) comprehensive child care; (b) a new and distinct legal services corporation for the poor; (c) a new employment and job-training program for young men and women; and (d) a new community economic development package.

The item that is, or should be, of gravest concern is Title V, which deals with "Comprehensive Child Development." For those of you who haven't been "developing" your children very well lately, or who yourselves may have been "underdeveloped" children, it should be pointed out that Title V would put the federal government fully and finally into the business of caring for children — for the children of the "disadvantaged" at first, to be sure; but, most assuredly, one day, for your children, my children, everyone's children. Title V is, without the slightest exaggeration, the greatest Trojan Horse Caper ever attempted by the Liberals. It would provide them with the only important tool they need for the Final Solution to the Individual Freedom Problem. In more precise terms, Title V would authorize the federal government to provide (quoting from the Report of the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare): "comprehensive physical and mental health, social and cognitive developmental services; food and nutritional services (including family consultation): special programs for minority groups, Indians, and bilingual children; specially designed programs (including after school, summer, weekend, and overnight programs); identification and treatment of physical, mental, and emotional problems, including problems of emotionally disturbed children; prenatal services to reduce malnutrition, infant, and maternal mortality, and the incidence of mental retardation; special activities for physically, mentally, and emotionally handicapped children and children with special learning disabilities; training in the fundamentals of child development for family members and prospective parents; use of child advocates to assist children and parents in securing full access to other services; and other activities."

Now, it can hardly be said that this proposed undertaking takes knowledgeable men by surprise. On the basis of what the federal government has already undertaken in the past twenty years, this massive new venture is as inevitable as the rising sun and as inexorable as its setting. Right before our very eyes, the federal government is about to acquire potential jurisdiction over each and every aspect of each and every life that's born into the United States of America. It is only a matter of time, surely, before that potential jurisdiction becomes actual.

The "poverty-education complex" (as Congresswoman Edith Green likes to call it) has been working toward this goal for years, and now that they are on the verge of success they can hardly contain themselves. For they realize that "child development" is about to become for the '70's what "progressive education" was to the '20's and '30's: books will be written, symposia conducted, foundations funded, courses taught, whole departments — perhaps colleges — created virtually overnight. The talk shows will be brimful of child development "experts"; *Time, Life, Newsweek, and Look* will all discover a "crisis" in child development programs, thus necessitating newer and bigger (and less voluntary) federal programs; and at least seven corporations whose business is chiefly concerned with child development books, services, machinery and the like will join Fortune's 500.

All this will be done with the approval of the Executive Branch and with the advice and consent of Congress. And with the slightest of plugs by the media, who knows but what it won't acquire the applause of a working majority of the public? All of it will be done, course, with the very best of intentions. It will all begin on a voluntary basis. It will be done on the professional recommendation of experts who will claim to have proved beyond the peradventure of a doubt that the laws of nature and of nature's God are no longer operative in these United States. And they will not rest content until they have each and every one of us declared mentally incompetent from the moment of our conception.

And it will all begin with the passage of Title V of S. 2007. Anyone giving odds to the contrary? □

Problem Perspiration

In case you haven't noticed, Ted
Is closing in on Frantic Ed.
Though Teddy says he will not file,
He won't say no in Sherman style.
I know few memories are firm
As feedback from a pachyderm,
But I remember all the stops
He made before he called the cops.
That's why I tend to sweat a lot
When pollsters finger Camelot.

W. H. von Dreele

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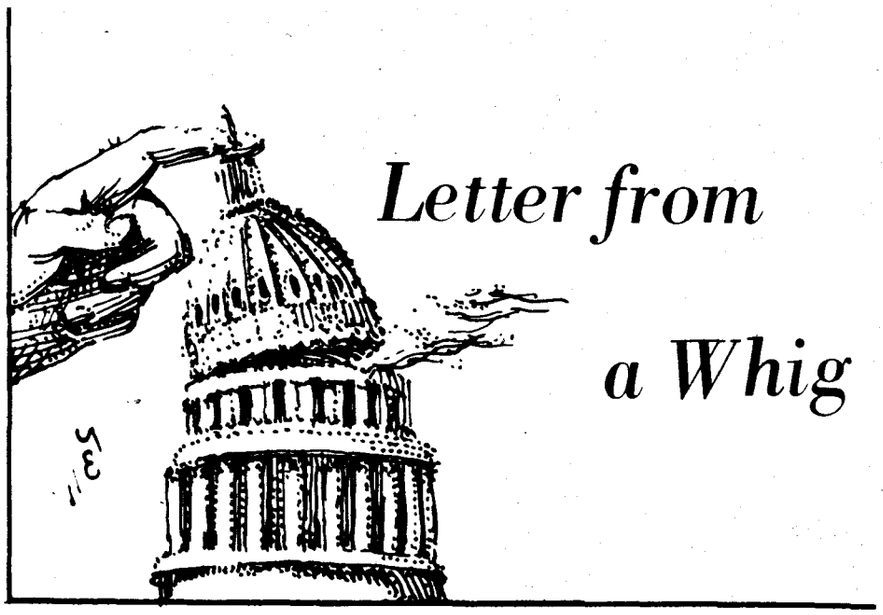

Letter from a Whig

The Power of Incumbency

George F. Will

When the 92nd Congress re-convened on 8 September it was operating in a political atmosphere very different from that which prevailed two months earlier.

Earlier in the summer the President was on the run, and the pack of Democratic Presidential aspirants was nipping at his heels. In foreign policy, the Communists' seven-point peace proposal had breathed fresh life into the Senate's peace agitators. And on the home front there was vast dismay at the condition of the economy and the President's stated determination to stand pat with an unconvincing "game plan."

Then in the course of one month, the President gave the Nation a dose of Presidential leadership — and he gave the Democratic pretenders a dramatic lesson in the powers of incumbency.

On 15 July he announced his trip to Peking. On 15 August he announced sweeping and generally sensible modifications of his economic policy. These two actions, planned with commendable secrecy and executed with unusual elan, cut the opposition off at the knees.

The announcement of the China trip eclipsed the Communists' seven-point proposal which threatened to be the instrument by which American opinion was finally stampeded into demanding a "date certain" for the U.S. pull-out.

Whatever one thinks of the China trip, it is impossible to deny that it has served a splendid domestic purpose: it has made the peace movement seem and feel irrelevant.

While the Senate doves had been striking their poses, and rallying around feckless resolutions and amendments, the President had been revamping world diplomacy.

While the liberal press and like-minded legislators had been decrying secrecy, the President had been using secrecy as a clearly indispensible instrument for affecting goals which that press and those legislators approve.

Honorable men of good will can and do disagree about the wisdom of the President's new China policy. I believe the trip is polically useful to the President — and that Chou En-lai is smart enough to understand that. Therefore the President has given a hostage — not to fortune, which is capricious, but to a hostile Government, which is calculating.

Nevertheless, on balance I think the risks are an acceptable price to pay for silencing and demoralizing the President's homefront opposition. This opposition had coalesced around the war issue and at long last had found a dangerous weapon in the Communists' seven-point proposal.

As de Tocqueville noted, democracies are not graceful in their conduct of foreign affairs. But given the exigencies of democratic politics, the President has made the most of a graceless situation.

Ironically, the President's China thunderbolt did the Democrats a great favor — and forced the President to do what he did on 15 August. The President's China announcement cut the ground from under the antiwar agitation. And it forced the Democrats to seize upon another issue. That issue — the economy — was ready at hand.

American elections are almost never determined by foreign policy questions. Americans vote on pocketbook issues. The President drove the Democrats onto a promising political path.

But on 15 August he did what only a President can do. He preempted the path, roared through in a shiny new car (minus excise tax), and forced the Democrats into the ditch.

While his rivals spoke, he acted. While they proposed, he disposed.

Again, as in the China gambit, he caught the givers of gratuitous advice in midsentence. He left critics looking futile, and more than a little bit feckless.

In imposing a wage-price freeze, cutting spending, cutting taxes, floating the dollar, and altering his legislative priorities the President was acting like a President. In comparison, his rivals looked irrelevant.

The President's economic plan should give pause to those conservatives who were in a slough of despond following the President's announcement about China. On 16 July conservatives were wondering what difference it made having a Republican rather than a Democrat in the White House. On 16 August they got a kind of answer.

The President wants to stimulate the economy by stimulating private spending rather than by increasing spending in the public sector. He has pledged to cut spending by $4.7 billion. That is not enough, given the swollen state of the budget (and the deficits), but it shows that his heart is in the right place. He is planning a five percent reduction in the Federal work force. That is not enough, considering the relentless expansion of that force in recent years. But it is a nice symbol.

Sure as God made little green apples, if any of the Democratic contenders were in the White House they would be opting for different stimulants. They would favor using the Federal Government as "the employer of last resort" — and we would be in for another avalanche of public works projects, maybe even including more murals and leaf-raking.

The wage and price freezing is the most spectacular part of the new policy.

But in terms of lasting impact, the most significant item was the floating of the dollar. This will cause a fundamental rearrangement of the international monetary system; and it will cause a substantial shift in trade advantages. Those who chose to look upon the President's policy package as a repudiation of Prof. Milton Friedman should note that Prof. Friedman has long advocated floating the dollar.

Some of the 15 August announcements were political froth. The President has asked Congress "to postpone the implementation of revenue sharing for three months and welfare reform for one year." In fact, revenue sharing is going nowhere in Congress. Furthermore, if any welfare reform does pass, it may not look much like FAP, and the President will not get the credit. Should it pass in the form the President wants, he will get the blame.

The most disagreeable aspect of the economic policy shift was the obfuscating demagoguery about "speculators." Both the President and Secretary Connally voiced a lot of pious nonsense about the "international money speculators" who allegedly had done wicked things to our virtuous dollar.

Denunciations of the "gnomes of Zurich" are to be expected from nations whose economic chickens are coming home to roost. Thus it was neither surprising nor alarming when our Government waffled on about "speculators." But for the record, the "speculators" are being libeled and mislabeled.

A speculator is someone whose expectations are embarrassing.

In this case, "speculators" were persons who expected (correctly) that the obvious weakness of the dollar would lead to a decrease in its value relative to the other major currencies.

These speculators — these sensible persons — included a large number of executives of American-based international corporations. These executives were doing what they are paid to do — and what we should thank them for doing: they were getting their respective companies' assets out of weak currencies and into strong currencies.

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In fact, the lesson of this whole episode is, "Thank God for the speculators!" Their sensible pursuit of profit depends on an objective — as opposed to nationalistic — assessment of our currency. In July and August their actions called attention to the weakness of the dollar. They did not cause that weakness; they only forced the Nation to face up to that weakness.

But all these complaints like the complaints about the China initiative, must be weighed against the political gains made by the President. It seems safe to say that the President is gaining a lot of health from the awkard but endurable chore of eating some stale words.

The economy is the issue with which Democrats are most comfortable, and to which Republicans are most vulnerable.

Until 15 August the Democrats were campaigning on the proposition that they were virtuous and the President was slothful. Now they have been reduced to arguing that they were virtuous first, or that, given the chance, they would be fifteen percent more virtuous. Those are not electrifying arguments, and it is hard to be heard — never mind persuasive — against a determined incumbent unless one has something electrifying to say.

The events of 15 July and 15 August demonstrated a homely truth about American politics. Candidates make speeches; Presidents make news — and, not infrequently, history. Congressman McCloskey will have time to ponder that truth when, as he trudges through the fabled "snows of New Hampshire," the President lands in Peking.

Even at its peak — in 1968 — the Vietnam war was not a "voting issue": it did not decide elections. It is now clear that our longest war will end without ever having been a "voting issue." So the most the Democrats have left by way of an issue is the economy. And if things are going reasonably well in 1972, the voters will not rock the boat.

At long last Nixon is developing the disconcerting habit of acting like a President — a President who enjoys the job and intends to keep it for a while. With fourteen months to go before the election, three things seem clear.

The economy is where Nixon is vulnerable.

Nixon understands the power of incumbency, and will use that power resourcefully to have the economy vigorous by October, 1972.

If unemployment is below six percent, and the GNP is growing at five percent per year, Nixon will win.

Lacking a salient issue, the Democrats may choose a "personality" (as opposed to an "issue") candidate. On the assumption that the President is sound on the issues but ugly on television, they may look for someone pretty. There are those who see John Lindsay as as the natural choice. For more on that subject, dear reader, return next month. □

George F. Will graduated from Trinity College in 1962, received a degree from Oxford University, Magdalen College in 1964 and earned his Ph. D. from Princeton in 1968. Mr. Will is twenty-nine and instructs physical education in Washington, D.C.

The Rt. Hon. Mike Gravel's Hour of Glory

Bascom C. Slemp

as told to R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Now if one is to grasp an authentic hold on the essence of America circa 1971 it will help to bear in mind that circuses are not so popular as they were thirty years ago. Hence a lot of second- and third-rate clowns have had to seek gainful employment outside of the big top. Many have simply gone on relief and been done with it. Others possessed of less dignity and more foolishmess have sought employment in related industries like the ministry and politics. Two such buffoons are the Reverend Paul Moore, Episcopal bishop of New York and millionaire whose wit and wisdom has been preserved for future generations in our regular Brayings column. Another is Senator Mike Gravel, the freshman Senator from America's Siberian Commonwealth.

On the evening of 5 July the Rt. Hon. Senator Gravel performed for the Washington press corps by sitting alone and reading classified documents into the wee hours of the morn. According to a spell-bound reporter from the Associated Press, his act included reading those classified papers lifted by the celebrated second-story man, Dr. Daniel Ellsberg and "frequently sobbing as he did so ...." It is not recorded if there was musical accompaniment, but my imagination instructs me that somewhere behind the sobbing Senator there must have been a solitary yodeller. Think of it, the whole Nation gasping over the revelations suggested by the Pentagon Papers. War sears the great civilizations of Indochina. Hunger stalks the Land of the Free. Thousands of horses are critically ill with Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis in the Home of the Brave. This throbbing globe of woe continues to spin dizzily through the solar system missing its sister planets by mere light years. And in Washington, D.C. this great man continues to read and to bawl. What superb cool!

Incidentally, as if his solitary performance were not amusing enough, he actually held it in — you will never believe me — the hearing room of the Public Work's Committee's Building and Grounds Subcommittee. That is showmanship of the top chop! Hoo Hah, a good time was had by all, and the Junior Senator did not even slur his words or spill the suspicious looking glass of water that always remained close to his shaking paw — so thorough had been his apprenticeship under Mr. Barnum.

The following day he performed a variation of his earlier act, this time on the floor of the Senate before a packed session of his peers. He asserted that his act had been performed "in the best interest of this Nation we all love." And, though he would be no more specific, I suspect his cryptic reference was to the United States of America.

Pooh poohing the allegation made by one of the Senate's old guard (the Coolidge wing which controlled Mr. Johnson and now controls Mr. Nixon) that he had brought discredit to the Senate he asserted "What I did, I felt and continue to feel, will bring credit to the United States Senate, not embarrassment. I would never be party to any act that would bring discredit to this august body." And indeed he would not.

Every ham in the house got up on his hind legs and begged the floor. Naturally the distinguished Junior Senator from Indiana, Mr. Birch Bayh, flushed with a sense of the historical import of this moment first attracted the attention of the good-natured President pro tempore. In an eloquent statement, which illicited guffaws and horselaughs from every intelligent spectator in the gallery, Mr. Bayh concluded: "... even though I have found myself locked in near mortal combat with some of my colleagues over an issue, one thing that has impressed me about the U.S. Senate is that there are 100 Members from all across the country who look upon each other's activities as the activities of one representing one of the 50 states. There has been almost no effort in the Senate to impugn the motives of any other Senator. I, for one, think that the Senator from Alaska has got through a very difficult time. I salute him for the courage he has displayed" — such is the eloquence of this presidential aspirant when he speaks extemporaneously! A hush befell the Senate floor. All eyes were cast down. Webster, Clay and Calhoun had been outdone.

The show was over. But I shall remember it always. Not only did it make me aware of a new star on the political horizon, but it also informed me as to the kind of American who takes his politics seriously. After his peroration the distinguished Senator Gravel asked that letters from various well-wishers be included in the *Congressional Record*. I am reprinting several of them below that you who are not daily readers of the *Record* might know what manner of American fauna takes politics seriously.

From Illinois:
Dear Sen. Gravel: I would like to thank you for not keeping any secrets from the American people. You are the greatest senator, and we all love you. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Dear Senator Gravel: I have just returned from hearing you tonight, and I apologize for everything that I have thought of you these past few days.

I have no more tears left; thank God there are men in this country who still do.

Sincerely,

From a doctor in New York State:
Dear Senator Gravel: God bless you. For a new state Alaska is doing pretty well.

Respectfully,

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From California:
Dear Senator: I wish to thank you for giving me the first feeling of pride in being an American that I have experienced in some time.

I equate you with Patrick Henry and while I had thought Congress dead, I begin to wonder.

I do wish you well.

Sincerely,

From California:
Honorable Sir: Since 1961, I have been active in the peace movement. I have lived through insults, alienation from my family, red baiting, etc., because of my political beliefs. During those years I have felt a sense of hopelessness and frustration that has at times led to terrible despair. I have become militant and increasingly alienated from the country of my birth — to the point of shame, pure shame, at being an American citizen. Many times I have wanted to leave, to seek an easier life in a land of peace, but I have found such a course of action untenable. For, as an American this is my war and my war to stop. If it is not stopped, and by the power of this people, there will soon be no land of peace anywhere — perhaps no world at all. And so I have remained, dedicated to the struggle, yet growing angrier as time goes on. There is not a "liberal" bone left in my body — I am a radical through and through, and I have found the gulf that separates me from the American system and its representatives to be a dark, gaping chasm, impossible to broach. Never once did I think, not even in my wildest hopes that I could or would ever want to reach across that gulf to shake the hand of a very brave and righteous man and to say thank you, thank you very much, Senator Gravel for what you have done.

Sincerely yours,

From an actress:
Dear Senator: It was with revelation and the great hope for our country to listen to a man like you speak.

If there were more people like you, we wouldn't be in the trouble we are now.

I would find it a great honor to meet with you one day.

Sincerely yours,

From Oregon:
Senator Gravel: We love you! □

The Saintliness of Dr. Ellsberg

The Public Penitent

John R. Coyne, Jr.

The McNamara-Pentagon papers were put together in the sixties by a group of Defense Department functionaries, most of them liberal, most of them anti-war. But their value as historical documents is highly questionable, because the papers themselves were selective. Through another set of papers from the same files, Kennedy and Johnson could probably have been made to look like the thwarted men of peace they both claimed to be. And in fact, Lyndon Johnson believes that they were commissioned by Robert McNamara and were intended to be used by Robert Kennedy in his drive against Johnson for the Democratic Presidential nomination. "The problem with the study," says one government official, "is that it is a prosecution brief masquerading as a dispassionate study." And John Roche dismisses the collection as "third-echelon chitchat." The papers, says William F. Buckley, "are nothing more than memoranda expressing attitudes, contingency plans; encyclopedic lists of alternative approaches to particular problems, routine exercises in the necessary dissimulations of government."

Nevertheless, although they are biased and although they never quite touch the heart of the whole matter — the process of Presidential decision-making—it would be disingenuous to dismiss the Pentagon Papers as inconsequential. Their effect has been profound. Not because people have read and digested them — only the complete bureaucrats possess the necessary immunity to boredom for that — but because of the way in which the media interpreters have chosen to use them.

Especially guilty of misinterpretation says Walt W. Rostow, former special assistant for national security affairs to President Johnson, have been the writers for the New York *Times*, whose treatment of the papers Rostow calls "the shoddiest piece of journalism I've seen since I entered public life in 1941. Rostow continued, "The *Times* headline writers, lead writers, editorial writers and columnists all went beyond the Pentagon papers in conveying around the world the charges of deceit by the President, charges which are not substantiated by the papers themselves."

The papers have been used, quite simply, to discredit everyone connected with Vietnam. The purpose, obviously, is to rouse among Americans sufficient moral revulsion for a popular outcry against the war. After reading the Pentagon Papers Americans are supposed to feel that they have been had — then they are to cry out against the war. At this writing the operation has been successful. Shortly after the first of the documents appeared in the *Times*, the United States Senate, by a solid vote of 57 to 42, adopted a resolution urging the President to pull out of Vietnam by the end of 1971. It was the first such resolution ever to win in the Senate. And according to polls, even Southern hawks are now demanding an immediate withdrawal. This is of course understandable, when the national media tells you flatly that two Presidents have lied through their teeth about the reasons for involvement and the nature of our response.

The temptation to make political hay is great. One thinks, for instance, of the shabby treatment accorded Barry Goldwater in 1964, when people like Herblock depicted him as a beady-eyed bomb-thrower, opposed by Lyndon Johnson, the man of peace who, as he preached restraint during the campaign, had already made up his mind — at least according to media interpretation — that Curtis LeMay's advice to bomb them back to the Stone Age was best. Or one is tempted to rehash the whole Tonkin incident. But to express public indignation and then to capitalize on the information disclosed in the papers would not only be fruitless but insincere as well. Most of us who followed the news day by day already suspected that the Kennedys and Johnsons often spoke with forked tongues. Most politicians do, after all, with the exception of a few like Barry Goldwater. But even without referring to the Pentagon Papers it can be reemphasized that the old truism of American politics — Democrats get us into wars, Republicans get us out — applies once again. And it is tempting to make that clear once more. The Vietnam War was conceived and mismanaged by Liberal Democrat civilians, with only a couple of tame Kennedy house generals like Maxwell Taylor representing the military in the planning. And perhaps now that the military is under such withering fire, it is worthwhile to remind Americans that the military involvement was only operational. Military men did *not* set policy under Kennedy and Johnson.

To its credit, the Administration has not yet attempted to make political hay over the information in the Pentagon Papers. But it could justifiably do so if it so desired, and it should do so if the President's genuine attempt to wind down the war and to cut American involvement continues to be treated as a Republican con game. There is nothing in the Pentagon Papers which could possibly harm Nixon and although Liberals searched avidly for dark Republican secrets as the administration attempted to restrain publication, there were none, nor could they understand that Nixon acted because he sincerely felt that it was wrong to publish secret information no matter who the information implicated and that he sincerely felt that the information disclosed, even though it had nothing to do with his own administration, might affect the credibility of the United States in the eyes of the rest of the world.

But still the attempt will be made to somehow discredit Mr. Nixon through the papers. Daniel Ellsberg, the fanatic who pimped the stolen papers, hints broadly that there are secrets not yet unearthed that will implicate the Nixon Administration. But even without the papers to prove it, he assures us that he can sense a repeat of the 1964 escalation. How? Well, he can't quite say, but such types are big on devining moods through some sort of mystical process — the same sort of process by which it is determined that we are all collectively guilty and should do collective penance. Garry Wills, in one of his feebler columns, casts around for something good to say about Ellsberg and finally is forced to celebrate "the healthy return of a half-forgotten figure out of our history, the public penitent." It could be argued, of course, that it is, in fact, rather unhealthy to have men stumbling through the streets flaying themselves with knotted thongs, but this is what the Liberal types would most like to see— Mr. Nixon dragging his cross up Capitol Hill, trailed by a weeping nation. And this is precisely what Mr. Agnew, who doesn't find this kind of tendency healthy at all, means by "a national spirit of masochism."

Now the character of this "public penitent" is worth examining, for it seems to me that he represents a rather stunning epitomization of all the illnesses of twentieth century Liberal man and his institutions and attitudes.

Like all the young technocrats who planned and carried out the Vietnam war, Ellsberg was a "defense intellectual." His academic record at Harvard and Cambridge was brilliant. In the fifties, as Joseph Kraft points out, like so many of his

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type, he went to work for the Rand Corporation in Santa Monica, one of those think-tank operations that depends for its financial well being on the Department of Defense. During the sixties, like so many others of his type, he was irresistably drawn to Washington by the character of Robert McNamara, the think-tank technocrat's *beau ideal.*

Ellsberg himself seems always to have been a rather odd duck, variously described as an "intense, almost compulsive talker"; "messianic crusader" with "a martyr complex"; "a man driven" with a "bent for dramatization and self dramatization."

One writer who knows him tells of his fear that he was constantly being followed and describes a party at which Ellsberg, for no apparent reason, appeared disguised as an Arab. Others tell of how Ellsberg seemed compelled to denounce his participation in DOD activities: "I come before you as a war criminal," he told one student audience. "I was participating in a criminal conspiracy to wage aggressive war," he told another. Such comments, coupled with the theft and delivery of the documents, led one writer to conclude that Ellsberg's role in the fencing operation derived from "his feeling of personal guilt and the need for expiation through action."

To many of those who knew him, Ellsberg seemed — well — squirrelly. And when he appeared on a CBS special with Walter Cronkite on 23 June, this impression was in no way modified. There was that strange secret smile, those funny anticipatory noddings, the constant wiping of the nose and chin, and above all, those eyes — extremely bright, the stare intense, constantly blinking — and just behind them a wary look, the look of a frightened deer as he watches the hunters through a thicket. Not too different, really, from some demented Hollywood madman act on the late show.

And then there are the strange delusions. 1971, he firmly believes, will see a replay of 1964. Nixon and Kissinger have secretly revived the notion of "escalation" and at any moment we can expect resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam. His decision, he tells us, was taken after a long struggle during which he carefully considered the conflicting concepts of moral judgments and legality, private morality and the public good. This isn't so alarming, of course, for most men at one time or another go through much the same sort of struggle. What is alarming is that Ellsberg seems absolutely certain that in his struggle he was representing the nation as a whole and that it is for him to decide just what would be most beneficial for us, a role usually reserved for madmen and the New York *Times.*

And so, because of what was known of the man, the oddness of his public personality, the lawlessness of his action and his grandiose notion of his place in the cosmos, many of us were prepared to dismiss him as a loon. But this impression just doesn't hold up.

Ellsberg's appearance on the Dick Cavett show, for instance, was most impressive. One expected him, especially after the Cronkite show, to display psychotic tendencies. Yet here he seemed calm, collected, sincere, almost completely rational — almost. His answers were lucid, thoughtful, despite an intelligent hour and a half grilling. Only occasionally did something else peep through — a tendency to use terms such as "criminal" and "murderous" when referring to our actions in Vietnam, a strange allusion to a "sexist war," a statement that American "women and children" had always opposed the war.

On balance, it was an impressive performance. Yet just beneath the surface, something else lurked, something obviously not lunacy but something nevertheless which drove the man. Cavett perhaps came closest to bringing it above ground when he referred to a *Life* photograph taken in Vietnam which showed Ellsberg happily clutching a chopper, staring off toward what presumably were enemy positions, apparently waiting eagerly to let off a spray of bullets. Cavett asked whether he had realized that those bulletts would kill someone, and Ellsberg, for one of the few times in the interview, was evasive.

And suddenly, if you were watching and listening closely, you saw it, and the

references to women and children and the deep sense of shame and guilt which suggested mental illness all seemed to fit. Ellsberg wasn't mad. He had simply discovered emotions. Like so many of his counterparts in the world of the universities, the foundations and the media, Ellsberg represents a relatively new type, the mid-twentieth century Liberal intellectual technocrat. Such men inevitably have followed similar patterns. They move from school to good university to graduate school to brief service stints in the officer corps to some sort of publically or semi-publically supported organization such as the Ford Foundation or the Rand Corporation or to the media or to the universities, where they work with concepts, attempting to apply abstractions to the operation of systems. (In some cases, such as that of Robert McNamara, the route lies through the giant corporation, although it should be remembered that McNamara modeled his Ford operation on the think-tank pattern, and by so doing inevitably made enemies among the corporation's men of affairs.)

The life of the Ellsbergs is a heady one, for the models they create and the games they play can be large indeed, involving all of society and its citizens. Such men in a very real sense play God, and in the fifties and early sixties they came to be a whole new class in American society, and a most powerful one. It's hard to remember now just how powerful they were. In 1959 it seemed plausible to believe that every American citizen would one day be represented by an IBM card, and it was during the late fifties and into the mid-sixties that these people began to assume an increasingly important governmental function. Under the regime of Robert McNamara, especially, they took over larger and larger amounts of the work once reserved for men in the field.

In a *Harper's* magazine article, "The Programming of Robert McNamara," David Halberstam says "He had come in at a dead run. By the time he was sworn in he had already identified the hundred problems of the Defense Department. He had groups and committees studying them. He had his people, the bright young men plucked off the campuses or the shadow government of the Rand Corporation and other think-tanks. They were cool and lucid, men of mathematical precision who had grown up in the atmosphere of the Cold War, students of nuclear power and parity and deployment whose very professions seemed sometimes to the humanist uncivilized." Think-tank game-playing replaced military strategy and tactics, and field commanders and the Joint Chiefs of Staff increasingly discovered that their decisions were being made for them in such places as the Rand Corporation.

That this process was dangerous is nowhere better illustrated than in the mismanagement of the Vietnam War. The games players and the contingency planners often saw the large picture brilliantly. But they inevitably overlooked one important factor — the human.

McNamara simply wasn't capable of understanding or appreciating people who were not like himself. Halberstam relates a story that the newsmen like to tell. McNamara was in Vietnam on an inspection tour and on one specific occasion, "A Marine Colonel had a sand table showing the terrain and was patiently giving the briefing. McNamara was not really taking it in; his hands were folded and he was frowning a little. Finally he interrupted: 'Now, let me see if I have it right, this is your situation: and then it came out from him — all numbers and statistics, this many friendlies on this many operations, this many troops to attack 48 percent of them after dark. The Colonel was very bright and read him immediately, like a man breaking the code. Without breaking stride he went on with the briefing simply switching its terms. Out it came, all quantified, with per cents and indices. McNamara was fascinated. Now the Colonel's performance was so blatant it was like a satire and one of the reporters began to laugh and had to leave the tent. Later that day, the newsman went up to McNamara and commented on how tough the situation was up there. But McNamara wasn't interested in the Vietcongs. He wanted to talk about the Colonel: "That Colonel is one of the finest officers I ever met," he said.

And when Colonel Hacksworth, our most decorated officer, recently resigned his commission in disgust with the way we have operated in Vietnam, his harshest criticisms were reserved for those remote-control planners who thought of everything except that one intangible element that invariably determines how well troops perform in the field — pride. It isn't that they consciously overlooked it, of course. It's just that you can't run something like pride through a computer, and there's no way of programming it into any strategic game you're playing.

The criticism perhaps most often

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levelled at Robert McNamara was that he was inevitably correct intellectually but invariably incorrect in predicting the outcome of the strategies he set in motion. The reason: McNamara simply didn't understand the human dimension or, more accurately perhaps, simply didn't believe in it anymore than, say the Marxist believes in such a thing as human nature. Toward the end of his reign McNamara, I believe, came to realize this, and his realization led to a particularly poignant understanding, finally of how dismally he had failed.

"If the body was tense and driven," says Halberstam, "the mind was mathematical, analytically bringing reason from chaos, always reason. It was a mind that could continue to call on its mathematical kind of sanity long after the others, the good liberal social scientists who had never gotten beyond their original logarithms, had trailed off. Though finally, when the mathematical version of sanity did not work out, when it turned out that the computer had not fed back the right answers and had underestimated those funny little far-off men in their raggedy pajamas, he would be striken with a profound sense of failure, he would at least briefly be a shattered man....And so in the end the Great Statistician became himself a statistic, one more casualty of the war."

Part of the problem is one of insulation — the peculiar way in which the Twentieth Century has unfolded has led to the rise of groups and classes cut off from the daily life of the society and the majority of its inhabitants, and a consequent overdevelopment of one faculty, the intellectual, at the expense of others, such as the emotional. And when, in some period of stress, such as the present period, the McNamara or the Ellsberg realizes this, the result can be an extreme renunciation of the old way of behaving and the fervent espousal of a new behavior.

Thus the peculiar intensity of Ellsberg's character as it transmits itself through the media. Unlike the majority of ordinary citizens, an Ellsberg has little experience of the whole range of experiences — mundane and tragic, embarrassing and hilarious, noble and profane — that form the development of man's character in society. The Ellsbergs are curiously insulated, protected from reality, and they develop hugely in one direction, but usually at the expense of others. But then one day it dawns. And the man of pure intellect suddenly discovers the whole welter of emotions that defines human beings. And when he does, especially if he decides that his overdeveloped intellect has been misdirected, the renunciation is extreme, the act of expiation dramatic, and the man of pure intellect becomes the man of pure emotion. The result is not unlike the sort of thing that happens when a fifty-year-old Jesuit suddenly discovers girls. The man of pure intellect must by nature appear at times sadistic, for he understands little of what pains others. The man of pure emotion must by nature appear masochistic, for emotionalism in its purest form feeds on self-suffering. The flagellant has become "the public penitent." Ellsberg, reacting to that picture of himself holding a machine gun, tells us just how puny one of the central tragedies of our time has become — the contingency planner suddenly realizing that his contingency plans, developed like games in a think-tank, can actually be applied in the real world. □

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A Conservative Publisher in a Liberal World

Henry Regnery

The editor of *The Alternative* suggested that I write something about my experiences as a publisher of conservative books. I should begin by saying that when I first became interested in publishing, we didn't describe ourselves as Conservative. What we now think of as the "Conservative Movement" received its name and identity with the publication in 1954 of Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind* There had, of course, long been opposition to the dominant liberal ideology, in some cases on a high intellectual level — Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences*, for example, and Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* had both preceded Kirk's book, but it was *The Conservative Mind* that brought the opposition together, gave it a name, and began the development of a coherent alternative.

When the Henry Regnery Company was organized in 1947, therefore, it was not with the idea of publishing *conservative* books, but books which didn't necessarily fit the liberal ideology which so dominated publishing as to constitute a particularly effective form of censorship. I came into book publishing, however, by degrees, and as a result of my association with Felix Morley and Frank Hanighen in the publication of a Washington newsletter, *Human Events*, which then consisted primarily of a four-page essay on some aspect of foreign policy. Morley and Hanighen had founded *Human Events* in 1944, as World War II was approaching its end; those who could "see things as they were," to which small but distinguished group Morley and Hanighen belonged, were not at all convinced that the victorious conclusion of the war and the policy enunciated by the administration would introduce the era of peace and good will among the nations proclaimed by the official propaganda line. The second issue of *Human Events*, for example, dated 9 February 1944, consisted of an article by Felix Morley called "The Trend Since Tehran," the Tehran Declaration having been signed some three months before by Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin. While the New York *Times* had greeted the Tehran Decaration with the assertion that it "laid the foundations for a new and better order in the world," Morley pointed out that in the eleven weeks that had followed the pious declarations of the big three about "working together in peace," and welcoming all "freedom loving peoples" into a "World Family of Democratic Nations," Communist Russia had, without consulting its Western Allies done the following: signed an exclusive "mutual assistance pact" with the Czechoslovak government in exile; by its actions had made it clear that it considered Poland an exclusive Russian preserve; had blasted Pius XII as a pro-fascist; and, finally, had incorporated the formerly independent states of Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia into the Soviet Union.

Human Events, as the war ended, was one of the few publications to point out the dangers of the policy of unconditional surrender, and to remind its readers that a settlement based on hatred and revenge could neither bring peace nor would be in accordance with the traditions and ideals professed by this country. When, therefore, Professor Karl Brandt of Stanford University sought a publisher to bring out an answer to Henry Morgenthau's *Germany Is Our Problem*, which had just appeared and proposed to convert Germany into a "goat pasture," it was quite natural that he should go to the publishers of *Human Events* — no one else, at that time, being even willing to discuss the publication of such a book. Brandt's answer was published by *Human Events* as a pamphlet, bearing the same title as the Morgenthau book, and became the first of a series of monthly pamphlets. The series continued for some three years, and included among its authors Felix Morley, John U. Nef, Joseph M. Lalley, Arthur E. Morgan, Clare Booth Luce, William A. Orton, Robert M. Hutchins, Douglas Steere and Frank Chodorov. One book was published during this period under the *Human Events* imprint, a collection of official communist documents with an introduction by William Henry Chamberlin called "Blueprint for World Conquest." At that time, 1946, when Stalin was referred to as "Good Old Uncle Joe," and any realistic appraisal of Soviet Russia regarded as a particularly obnoxious form of heresy, the publication of the aims and methods of the Communist International created something of a sensation, and, I must say, whetted my appetite to publish more books.

It was becoming increasingly difficult in any case to conduct a publishing operation divided between Washington and Chicago, so in 1947 I decided to go it alone. The Henry Regnery Company began operations that year, but was not incorporated until 1948, taking over the pamphlet series and the remaining stock of "Blueprint for World Conquest." Our first list consisted of three books: a study of the phenomenon of Hitlerism by the Swiss philosopher, Max Picard, and two books on allied occupation policy in Germany by the English publisher, Victor Gollancz.

Victor Gollancz was an extremely successful and astute publisher of Jewish background, a member of the Fabian society, and the founder, in the thirties, of the Left Book Club. All of this, however, didn't prevent him from taking an extremely critical view of post-war allied

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policy in Germany, which he felt was leading to mass starvation, was based on the Nazi doctrine of collective guilt, and was diametrically opposed to every principle the West stood for. His book on this subject, *Our Threatened Values*, was declined by his former New York publisher, who, by the way, had published the Morgenthau book, and somehow he came to me. I published it, along with another book by Gollancz which consisted of his account, with photographs, of several visits to Germany during that first terrible winter following the war. The other book on that list, Max Picard's *Hitler in Ourselves*, was a study of Hitlerism, not as an exclusively German phenomenon, but as an expression of the sickness of the West, which had taken a particularly virulent form in Germany.

To understand what has happened since, one should have some understanding of the general atmosphere of the immediate post-war period. It is probably difficult even for those who experienced it to believe that it could have happened; for those too young to remember, it must seem entirely incredible. What Albert J. Nock said of World War I, that it was a "Liberal's war and a Liberal's peace," was even more true of World War II, at least insofar as this country is concerned. Liberalism reigned supreme and without question; the Liberal could believe, in fact, that no other position was conceivable. The war, which represented the triumph of good over evil, had been won. Fascism, militarism and colonialism had been banished from the earth; the Peace-Loving Nations, joined together in San Francisco in a perpetual bond, would preserve peace, protect the weak, and guarantee the rule of democracy — the future seemed assured. It was a beautiful picture and questions about its conformity to the facts of life were not welcome. This, I think, is the explanation of the violent, irrational hatred by the Liberals of McCarthy — he has become for them the symbol of the influence that brought their illusions down to earth.

But to get back to book publishing. Another early author of ours was Freda Utley. The daughter of one of the early Fabians, she became a Communist in the early twenties, while a student at the London Scool of Economics, but some six years in Soviet Russia as the wife of a Russian made her about as anti-Communist as one can be. In 1948 she went to Germany as a correspondent. Her strong sense of justice and her scorn of hypocrisy were outraged by what she saw, and the resulting book, *The High Cost of Vengeance*, appeared on our list in 1949. The liberal press, which meant nearly the entire press, still fighting for its illusions, ignored it, but such an influential publication as the *Christian Century* gave it a long and serious review, and it doubtless had some influence on American policy. Miss Utley was the first established author to appear on our list, and a following book of hers, *The China Story*, which we published in 1952, was our first book to make the best-seller lists. This came out just at the time MacArthur was dismissed from his command and when, as a conqueror, the whole subject of Asia, and particularly the loss of China to Communism, was at the center of discussion. Miss Utley was an authority not only on Communism, Communists and Fellow Travellers, but on Asia as well, and made it her business to put things down as she understood and saw them. Her account of the loss of China couldn't be ignored; it is to the credit of the New York *Times* that it reviewed the book favorably and at length, although Miss Utley blamed the *Times* for helping to create the illusions concerning the Chinese Communists which had disastrously influenced American policy. It was our first real success.

The following year we had another — William F. Buckley's *God and Man at Yale* Frank Hanighen, who had published a piece on Yale by Buckley in *Human Events*, told me that Bill, who had just graduated, was writing a book along the same general lines. I wrote to him immediately to ask if we might see the manuscript. He replied at once, and a few months later *God and Man at Yale* gave Yale and the entire liberal establishment a shock from which it has never recovered. If Bill had been a nobody or the book without basis it could have been ignored, but that wasn't the case—he had been Chairman of the Yale *News* a member of the debating team, an outstanding student, and, for a time, one of the president's prize exhibits at alumnae gatherings, and worst of all, his book was effectively written and based on fact. For nearly a week after the book appeared on prominent member of the faculty after another in the most ponderous, professorial manner, inveighed against "the book" as it soon came to be called in the Yale *News;* an entire issue of the alumnae magazine was devoted to it; a commission was appointed to report to the Trustees on its allegations. It was carefully denied, of course, that the commssion had anything to do with "the book," which made it all the more apparent that "the book" was its sole reason for existence, and, as was to be expected, Yale completely exonerated in its report. There were reviews everywhere, columns, letters to the editor, interviews with the author, all any publisher could ask for. Whether the book had any positive influence on Yale is doubtful, Yale's self-esteem at that time being pretty solidly entrenched, but it helped to launch the career of William F. Buckley, Jr., and it gave enormous pleasure and satisfaction to its publisher.

There were, of course, other books — a witty little book on progressive education, *And Madly Teach* by Mortimer Smith which received much attention and was widely read, William Henry Chamberlin's *America's Second Crusade*, *The German Opposition to Hitler* by the distinguished historian, then at the University of Chicago, Hans Rothfels, several important books in philosophy, including James Collins' *The Existentialists*, which is still in print, to mention only a few. We were having some impact, it seemed, and some of our books had done well, but it wasn't enough to put the operation on a sound financial basis. We needed a "back list," some books which would be steady, reliable sellers — a cook book, for instance, or text books. Our first step in this direction was an arrangement with the Great Books Foundation to publish paperback editions of the books required in their program, paperbook editions of the classics being not then available. This seemed highly promising for a time, but the publication of *God and Man at Yale* put a stop to that. Then we decided to try to build up a college test book list, and brought in a retired text book traveller, Sidney Gair, to put together a list. We did a few books of outstanding quality, but didn't have sufficient capital to put it over. Gair, however, made a great contribution to the firm — he put me in touch with Russell Kirk.

Returning from one of his searches for desirable textbook projects, Sidney told me that a young instructor in English at Michigan State had completed a manuscript he thought I should look at. "He doesn't say much," Sidney said, "is about as communicative, in fact, as a turtle (how Russell has changed), but he has a formidable intelligence, and when he gets behind a typewriter, the results are most impressive." I wrote for the manuscript which, as it happened, had just been rejected by Knopf, and a few days later the very neatly typed manuscript of *The Conservative Rout*, as it was then called, arrived in the mail. I read it during my vacation, and what an inspiring experience that was. We published it the following spring, and after much deliberation called it *The Conservative Mind*. Its impact was immediate, and beyond all expectations. It received leading reviews in the *Times*, *Herald-Tribune*, *New Yorker*, *Saturday Review*, etc. Then *Time* magazine—as a result, I learned later, of a suggestion of Whittaker

Dialogue of a Schizophrenic

The Rt. Hon. J. William Fulbright

"The source of an effective foreign policy under our system is Presidential power...With their excessively parochial orientation, Congressmen are acutely sensitive to the influence of private pressure and to the excesses and inadequacies of public opinion that is all too often ignorant of the needs, the dangers, and the opportunities in our foreign relations...legislators display a distressing tendency to adhere to the dictates of public opinion, or at least to its vocal and organized segments."
Sen. Fulbright, Cornell Law Quarterly, Fall, 1961.

"Only if one subscribes to the cult of the 'strong' Presidency which mesmerized American political science in the fifties and early sixties can one look with complacency on the growth of Presidential dictatorship in foreign affairs...a good Executive is not one who strengthens his own office by exercising his powers to the legal utmost and beyond, but one who, by respecting the limits of his own authority, contributes to the vitality of the constitutional system as a whole."
Sen. Fulbright, Yale University, 3 April 1971

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Chambers — devoted the entire book, review section of its 4 July issue to this one book, and mentioned it again in a news story. The young English instructor at Michigan State had become a national figure, and the amorphous, scattered opposition to the overwhelming power of Liberalism had received its identity.

The Conservative Mind had an impact which, in the bored and blase atmosphere of the present, is hard to imagine. It was widely read and discussed, for example, in the colleges and universities, and after the reviews came articles—not all, of course, in agreement, but Kirk had launched a concept and established a position which the Liberals recognized as a real challenge, and took seriously. There was opposition to Kirk, and from what became the conservative side, opposition particularly to the designation, "conservative." If I am not mistaken, no less a figure than Frank Meyer strongly opposed the adoption of the name "conservative" for the position he felt he represented, but when *National Review* began publication a few months later it described itself as a *conservative* journal of opinion. Kirk had won; we are all, including Frank Meyer, Conservatives now.

Two authors whom it gave me special pleasure, but no profit, to publish were the South African poet, Roy Campbell, and the English writer, Wyndham Lewis; with them a *Festschrift* for the sixtieth birthday of T.S. Eliot and a book of essays by Ezra Pound, we could feel that we had some connection with the most important group of men writing in English in this century, and writers who had devoted their talent and energy to opposing the disintegration of the values of our civilization. To have known Roy Campbell, a free spirit if ever there was one, was a great privilege. He had been a bareback rider in the circus, fought bulls in Spain and Portugal, served in the Nationalist Army in the Spanish Civil War and the King's Africa Rifles in World War II, baited left-wing poets in London,and with all that, had written some of the most beautiful lyric poetry of this century. But the critics would have none of him — he was violently anti-Liberal and therefore for them a fascist, and his books, for all their great quality, have never sold. Lewis was also a difficult author to put over, but his intelligence and the quality of his work are gradually being recognized in spite of the critics. No matter what the critics may say, he is one of the towering figures of this century. As for the book of essays by Ezra Pound, the reviewer in *Commonweal* — a Liberal Catholic, for me, is as much an anathema as a Liberal Southerner — was outraged. "Who but Regnery would publish such a book?" was his scandalized reaction to this shameful act. I couldn't help but feel, who indeed?

We published many good books after *The Conservative Mind* — Felix Morley's *Freedom and Federalism*, Richard Weaver's *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, James Jackson Kilpatrick's *The Sovereign States*. James Burnham's *Congress and the American Tradition*, two books by William M. McGovern, Willmoore Kendall's *The Conservative Affirmation*, Wilhelm Roepke's *The Humane Economy* — but for me, *The Conservative Mind*, coming as it did after *The China Story* and *God and Man at Yale* was the high point of my publishing career. The unexpected appearance in the fifties of what promised to be a rational, viable alternative to Liberalism was followed by the dismal sixties. A society seemingly characterized by Camelot, the "Playboy philosophy" of Hugh Heffner, Bobbie Baker, the drug culture, and the contemptible collapse of our once proud universities in face of demands by "the kids" was hardly a favorable atmosphere in which to publish serious books. The drug culture, the kids, and the state of the universities no doubt symbolize the utter collapse of Liberalism as a philosophy and a body of ideas, but we must face the fact that the Liberals still hold nearly all the positions of influence in our society, and show no sign of being willing to relinquish them.

Perhaps there have been, for the time, enough books about Conservatism itself, and there is certainly no need for more books pointing out the mess the Liberals have made of things — that should be evident enough. What we do need, I think, is to develop a body of literature of high quality by people of conservative instincts — what, for example, T.S. Eliot undertook to do in his own writing and in his encouragement of others. For this, we need to encourage new talent, and one means, almost the only means, in fact, of doing this, is good periodicals. *Modern Age*, *National Review*, *The Intercollegiate Review* and the conservative student publications all perform an important function in this respect, but we also need a monthly of national circulation and of high quality — something on the level of the *Atlantic* or *Harper's* in their better days. I don't mean a conservative magazine; it should be edited by a man of conservative instincts — a man, that is, who takes a positive attitude toward the traditions of Western civilization — but the first consideration should not be Conservatism, but quality.

Writing in 1947, in the disillusionment of post-war London, Wyndham Lewis wondered if his long fight had been worthwhile. "Today," he said, "I should not write such books at all. People should be allowed to drop to pieces in any way they choose." But then the old fighter went on to say, "... Darwin, Voltaire, Newton, Raphael, Dante, Epictetus, Aristotle, Sophocles, Plato, Pythagoras: all shedding their light upon the same wide, well-lit graeco-roman highway, with the same kind of sane and steady rate—one need only mention these to recognize that it was at least excusable to be concerned about the threat of extinction to that tradition." The threat of extinction is now much greater than it was then: those bent on destroying civilization are better organized, and the defenses are waker. To do what is needed to halt the disintegration of our society requires purpose and intelligence. There won't be any money or glory in it, but we have inherited a great and noble tradition, and it is worth fighting for. □

Mr. Regnery is Chairman of the Board of the Henry Regnery Company.

A Modest Academic Proposal

Gary North

Ever since those dark days in March of 1933, when Franklin Roosevelt and his Brain Hustlers took over the greased pig of the American political scene, serious conservatives have been driven from the academic establishment. Keynesians control the departments of economics, court apologists rewrite diplomatic history, functional illiterates rewrite sociology, and some very peculiar people teach English. A kind of Gresham's Law of scholarship has been in operation for a generation.

It should be obvious even to the most liberal academic intellectualist that liberal ideology reigns supreme on the major campuses of our time. If anything like fairness is to be restored to the campus scene, there has to be a balancing of opinions on those campuses like Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Berkeley. The best way to accomplish this is the establishment of Conservative Studies programs on every major campus. These CS programs will renovate all of academic life.

In order for a truly conservative CS program to survive on campus, it is obvious that only true conservatives should be hired to run them. Everything connected with the program — grading, admissions, content — must be under the control of true conservatives. We don't need any Uncle Garrys (Garry Wills) with their fashionable Ph.D.'s and sideburns, to take over our CS programs. Maybe they used to be conservatives, but the Establishment bought them off years ago. Admittedly, we may have to settle initially for true conservatives who have not finished the Ph.D. but that is irrelevant when compared to the educational potential from someone who has had the "conservative experience." In fact, no one who has not shared the conservative experience can be allowed to teach in the program.

Anyone who looks at the secular campus today is aware of the great number of liberal and radical students and the tiny number of conservatives. Yet we learned that at least 40 percent of the population is truly conservative in the 1964 presidential election and recent polls have shown similar results. Thus mandatory quotas must be established and enforced on the campus. The ratio of conservative students must be the same as the overall ratio of conservatives within the general population. Nothing less will suffice. This should be a non-negotiable demand. In fact, due to the ridiculously high proportion of liberals to the conservatives on the campus (especially in upper division), a higher proportion of conservatives than 40 percent should be admitted initially. This will mean that an active program of junior college recruiting must go into effect at once.

The argument runs that academically qualified students are not available from conservative circles. This is simply propaganda from the offices of liberal intellectualists. Conservatives want to go

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to college just as much as liberals do. But the active discrimination that has been directed against conservatives by liberal faculty members over an entire generation has discouraged conservatives from applying. After years of failure in liberal-dominated public education, what conservative high school graduate feels prepared to go to Yale? The answer is obvious. The conservative student may need special tutoring in his first year. His reduced estimate of his own humanity must be eliminated. Thus, we must demand that his first year be ungraded, as each conservative student seeks to find his place in the academic community. He should not be forced to compete directly with liberal students who have had all the advantages of a first-class liberal education. Conservatives have never had equal opportunity in school; it would be the most radical kind of liberal intellectualism to demand that each conservative student be forced to compete directly with liberals at the very start of his academic career.

For a generation conservatives have been relegated to second class academic citizenship. Herded like animals into midwestern Bible colleges and southern universities, they have feared to apply to Harvard. A few token conservatives have been picked up by the Ivy League schools from time to time, but tokenism is an insult to a people with a long cultural heritage. It is a valid heritage. No, most conservatives never learned to take drugs in their teens, and the American Revolution was the closest thing to anarchy we could ever muster, but this is hardly to say that we have been without a culture. It has only been a heritage that put emphasis on other things, like thrift, diligence, and deferred gratification. This is no reason to exclude us from the campus in the final third of the twentieth century!

What the liberals in Cambridge and New Haven are really afraid of is an influx of "undesirables" into their neighborhoods. Conservatives have supposedly learned their place in the rural ghettos, with only a few of them straying close to the cities in places like Orange County, California. The liberals talk a good line, but very few of them would really want to live next door to a police chief.

In the final analysis, the modern liberal intellectualist needs the conservative. The conservative is the only one who has bothered to read liberal balderdash with a critical eye. The conservative, in assuming the role of the outcast for the liberal, has permitted the liberal to define himself in terms of the man on the lowest rung of academic life, namely, the conservative. The only person who truly knows, understands, and shares the love-hate relationship with the liberal intellectualist is the conservative. The conservative who has lived on the outskirts of liberal culture has come to know the liberal even better than the liberal knows himself. To deny us the right to participate in academic society any longer is a negation of liberal intellectualism. It does not permit true pluralism, open discussion, and honest dialogue to flower. The faded slogans of liberal culture are denied daily by the outcast status of the conservatives who have never been regarded as intellectual equals. It is time to end the hypocrisy.

"All power to the competent!"
"Continuity to the historical process!"
"Far right on!" □

..Garry North is a Ph.D. candidate at the University of California at Santa Barbara.

Report from New York

The End of the Fillmore East

Nickolas Lupinin

On 27 June of this year the great rock haven of the East, the Fillmore, closed with appropriate fanfare, tears, and logic. Perhaps even with a touch of cynicism, for the audience at this last (all night) fete was by invitation only, while the faithful children milled the streets in an uncalculated display of sentiment. A multitude of rock stations covered the farewell and the airwaves were punctuated with periodic reports on the proceedings. An institution was coming to an end and the media were there with effusive eulogies.

I suspect the closing was in order. Those of us who have lived on the Lower East Side (preferentially labeled the "East Village" by the publicity-minded) during these years have seen the deterioration of the rock cult gathered at the Fillmore. The original exuberance and euphoria of the rock scene gradually lost its pristine aspects in favor of an even greater crassness.

The reasons were, of course, multifold — among them drugs. Drugs are rampant in the neighborhood. Despite disclaimers by the management, they had their effect. No one ever denied the rather substantial use of "grass" within the theater. The highs made one appreciate the music (or did they merely help bear it?). One does frequently find it difficult to separate hard rock and drugs — certainly on the Lower East Side. There are cafes here advertising "bring your own head," which set aside small hashish dens for their customers. And the streets — one need not be a "head" to note their effect on the teeming streets of the "East Village."

Commercialism was another factor and one difficult to rationalize for the cultists. They — the rock people, the juveniles — were initially the heralds of success. Coming in vast numbers from all over the country to see and listen, they literally created the rock stars. As popularity skyrocketed, the entertainers asked incredible fees and the smaller houses like the Fillmore East were hurt. This is, in fact, one of the most frequently adduced reasons given for the Fillmore's end. The Fillmore's Bill Graham could not meet the fees demanded by singers who sang of purity and love, who belabored the horrors of modern commercial society, who cried in lament over the war. Oh, how they loathed capitalism! They had not in them a touch of gratitude for the Fillmore. But the worshipers of Mecca, the juveniles, were again left in the cold, not realizing, because of their youth, that they had been had. It is provocative to speculate on how much the juveniles themselves are responsible for the very commercialism they so decry. But juveniles are juveniles and given to ignoring the play of irony in their lives.

The juveniles were not the only ones to attend the Fillmore. Being voguish it also drew the fashionable-minded who invariably stood out from the rest. They were never the ones to stand around and wait in lines. Their tickets were in hand, and they did not worry about parking their Rolls or Maserati in the no parking zones. These people, though drawing some opprobrium from the blue-jeaned and mod, were not a problem. The problem came from the rather typical "East Village" phenomenon, the hanger-on.

When the early influx of hippies came to this area, the number that came to dawdle, to gape, and clog the streets was rather small, but along with the rapid rise of the hippie population (now in decline, incidentally) came a faster growing population of hangers-on. Unfortunately, the hanger-on could never be classified with the harmless hippie tourist. His breed was harder, a breed bred on the streets of New York, a breed to whom no form of vice was foreign. He hustled dope, picked pockets, robbed apartments, loafed on people's stairs, or panhandled in the street. The hanger-on came here because, "this was where it was at." Lower East residents implicitly agree to this — the hanger-on has wrought more havoc in this area than any of the hippies. The latter, by and large, have been peaceful, whereas a check at the local police station will corroborate the claim that, for example, the largest proportion of crimes are committed by transients — by hangers-on.

What this has done is to give the area a rougher atmosphere, a hardness that was missing, say, ten years ago. And the victim has been everybody from the weekend visitor to the Fillmore, to the local citizenry. Fewer and fewer people see the Lower East Side as a place to live and most often the disenchantment stems from the unsavory street elements that inhibit normal life. Needless to say, the Fillmore devotees were hurt by these roamers and the theater itself was hurt. The Fillmore as a symbol of peace and new ideals lost its glitter. The symbol began to crumble. It really was time to close.

It is a commentary on this area that the closing of the Fillmore East will have little lingering effect. The same people will be floating on the streets of the "East

Great American Series

"If you are lucky enough to have lived at a major American university as a young man, then wherever you go for the rest of your life, it stays with you, for the American university is a movable illness ... in some places it is an insane asylum."

George Nathan to a college chump

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Village," the same fifteen-year-old girls, bra-less and in college T-shirts, the same groups gathered around lone guitar players who struggle with the same two or three chords. The filth will remain. In a year or so the Fillmore will be forgotten; modernity forgets quickly and completely, for neomania demands the new. The dabbler in nostalgia will, of course, continue to prowl the back isues of the Village Voice, but not everyone finds that type of boredom palatable.

They were all at the Fillmore East at one time or another— Janis Joplin, Elton John, Jimmi Hendrix, the big rock groups. While it lasted it had its say, but it could not, in effect, cope with the time. That is a damning commentary. Who knows who is sadder for it? I'm afraid that is the extent of my reaction to the end of the Fillmore East. □

The Counter-Thinker

First Things, Last Things

By Eric Hoffer
Harper, $4.95

A few years ago a woman from California wrote one of those songs that just happen to catch on. It became a commercial success, was listened to and talked about for a while and then died a natural death from over-exposure. The song told us of "ticky-tacky" houses inhabited by "ticky-tacky" people. The message was clear: we live in a nation which is being smothered by conformity. Our conformist suburban "ticky-tacky" housing developments reflect the personalities of their robot-like inhabitants and the conformist spirit of the nation.

It so happened that at the time I was working as a meter-reader for a gas and electric company in a large eastern city. My job took me to many types of dwellings, from six-family walk-ups to enormous housing developments, and the more homes I saw, the more I became convinced that the song was wrong. The housing developments may have a looked alike from the outside, but the inside of each development home was different, reflecting the particular taste (or, if you wanted to get nasty about it, lack of taste) of the owner. Far from being proof of conformity, the mass-produced homes of the developments were proof of the incredible diversity of American life. Yet day after day I would hear that song and, what was worse, would listen to people tell me how accurate the song was in exposing the outrageous conformity of our national life.

If I had not had the opportunity as a meter-reader to see the reality of the housing-development, I would perhaps have gone along, willy-nilly, with the intellectual attitude represented by the song, for at that time the "conformity" thesis was the fashionable idea without which no cocktail party could be a success. The intellectuals who shape our opinions told us we were conformists and what could be better proof of our conformity than our mass-produced homes, each indistinguishable from the other? The only thing wrong with that idea was that it wasn't true and it was most demonstrably untrue precisely where the intellectuals told us it was most true, i.e., in the Levittowns and other developments. If you simply went to the developments and looked at the seemingly identical houses, you couldn't help but notice that each house was different because the people who lived in the houses were different.

When I raised this point with my intellectual betters, I was inevitably told that no matter what I had seen with my own eyes, no matter how much evidence of diversity I saw every day as a meter-reader, no matter how much empirical evidence piled up to disprove the fashionable doctrine — the doctrine was right. Americans were conformists; proof that no matter what I had seen with my and, by God, let's have an end to quibbling! Were there not dozens, nay, *scores* of books laboriously fashioned by professors and other holy men which *proved* we were conformists?

The "ticky-tacky" song craze finally ended but the intellectual malady it represented lingers on. The gap between the fashionable ides of the intellectual and the realities of America life has, if anything, widened. All the more reason to be grateful for the existence of Eric Hoffer, the major thrust of whose career from *The True Believers* to *First Things, Last Things* might be summed up in the phrase, "a lot of what intellectuals know just ain't true."

Hoffer is the intellectual counter-puncher *par excellence*. While the establishmentarian intellectuals think, he counter-thinks, throwing aphorisms like jabs, blinding them with his intellectual foot-work and, all in all, having a good time for himself. It is as if a bar-room brawler got in the ring with a professional boxer and proceeded to beat the hell out of him.

Oddly enough, for a few years he had a certain vogue among the intellectuals. His appearances on CBS with Eric Sevaried were immensely popular. But the Hoffer fad soon ended when it was discovered that he had all the wrong (i.e. unorthodox) ideas on race relations, the war and LBJ. Most unforgivable of all, to card-carrying literati, he insisted on publicly exposing his love for the United States of America.

It became all to much for the potentates of the media and the *Gauleiters* of the intellectual magazines. Here, after all, was the man they had been looking for: the proleterian intellectual, the natural man who read Montaigne, Roosevelt's common man, but one who knew big words, egalitarianism incarnate. And, to their surprise, he turned out to have all the wrong ideas. Instead of worshipping black militants he said they should stop yapping and start working; instead of hating the racist hard-hats, he said they were more deserving of praise than their intellectual masters; instead of humbly paying obeisance to the power-hungry intellectual types like Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. (who had highly praised *The True Believers*), he rediculed the very idea that intellectuals should have a leading role in governing our society. According to the Liberal theory, any self-instructed, formally untutored longshoreman who showed intellectual brilliance would fit in nicely, thank you, among the pages of the *New Republic*. But as always, reality played a trick on the certified public intellectuals and Hoffer proved to be a maverick. The intellectuals dropped Hoffer and continued their search for a proleterian intellectual, this time one who would play by the rules.

And what of Hoffer? He continues on his merry way, saying things like the following:

"The cores of our cities are packed with people who lack the enterprise to take advantage of opportunities, and the character to resist temptation."

"The trouble is not chiefly that our universities are unfit for students but that many present-day students are unfit for universities."

"Crime in the streets and insolence on the campus are sick forms of adolethcents self-assertion."

"The common people of Europe eloped with history to America and have lived in common-law marriage with it, unhallowed by the incantations of men of words ... The intellectuals and the young, booted and spurred, feel themselves born to ride us."

"Indeed, the uniqueness of modern America derives in no small part from the fact that America has kept intellectuals away from power and paid little attention to their political views."

"It seems that every time a millionaire opens his mouth nowadays he confesses the sins of our society in public. Now it so happens that the rich do indeed have a lot to feel guilty about. They live in exclusive neighborhoods, send their children to private schools, and use every loophole to avoid paying taxes. But what they confess in public are not their private sins but the sins of society, the sins of the rest of us, and it is our breasts they are beating into a pulp."

Hoffer is, obviously, one of a kind. He has a way of saying obviously sensible things in an outrageous way. Since most of our anointed thinkers have made their careers saying outrageously silly things in an obvious way, Hoffer is a man to be revered. Admittedly there are times when, to use his own words, he has "an old man's tendency to snort at the self-important young," and other times when he lets his righteous anger dictate his thoughts. In running from the folly of American intellectuals he seems to me at times to swing too violently to the other side and overpraise working people, seeing in them civic virtues even they wouldn't claim to possess. At times, his attacks on intellectuals often seem to border on attacks on intellectuality itself. But these are quibbles. Hoffer has courageously refused

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The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled *Escape! A New Demand Response System.* Now, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to, through this column, advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

After a newspaper story disclosed my belief that I had communicated with my dead brother I felt it best that I withdraw as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Do you think this was a prudent course?

Cordially,
Harold E. Hughes, Senator

Dear Senator Hughes:

Between you, Senator Gravel, Senator McGovern and Senator Socrates from Arkansas there is never a dull moment under the big dome, is there? Yes, indeed you made the right decision. Now can we get your brother to run?

— GWP

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

I am a tall, handsome mayor who will be fifty in November. I have quit the Republican party and become a Democrat to fight for new national leadership — mine. In a sense, this step recognizes the failure of twenty active years in progressive Republican politics. In another sense it represents a new decision for new national leadership — by me. In still another sense it represents my consuming desire to live in the inner city — mainly the inner city of Washington, D.C. I feel that the Nixon administration has shown indifference to the plight of the poor, and failed to respond to the problems of unemployment, housing, hospitals, crime, poverty and race polarization. Also someone is listening to my phone. I shall work as a Democrat without abandoning my personal independence. My problem is what shall I do?

Very truly yours,
John V. Lindsay

Dear Mr. Lindsay:

My, what a springhtly letter you pen! Run for the Presidency of the United States of America; the progress you have brought to New York convinces me that the White House is the only place for you (you see, I too live in New York).

Also I can see from your letter and from the import of your August announcement that you have grasped the real issue at stake in the coming election — hospitals. Hit hard on the hospital issue; it is a natural. Our hospitals are a disgrace, why, there are Americans dying in them every day. Also after reading mountains of your elegant public utterances I suggest you capitalize on your repute as an intellectual. Intellectuality, yes that is the style for you. We have not had a man of your wisdom and erudition in the White House since President Grant. Never be seen without a copy of the *New York Review of Books*, pronounce either as though it were spelled eye-ther and grow bushy nose hair. Involve yourself in some humane endeavor — perhaps a national movement to free Richard Speck. While campaigning in northern California wear your wife's clothes. Make frequent trips to Algeria. Gad, your campaign whets my appetite for a good laugh. I shall direct the whole gorgeous venture. Give me an office in Gracie Mansion and stay off the hard stuff.

— GWP

counter thinker

(continued from page 18)

to listen to the "ticky-tacky" songs of the intellectuals; he continues to sing his own song and for that we owe him thanks and praise.

One final note: In Calvin Tomkins' useful little books, *Eric Hoffer*. Eric Sevaried confesses that he had "shied away" from Hoffer's books for years "because Eisenhower had publicly praised one of them." Say it ain't so, Sevaried!

John Avey is a mortician and soldier of fortune working in Washington, D. C. He has served several Presidents and his favorite hobby is skindiving.

John Avey

A Hair in My Caviar

Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago

By Mike Royko
E.P. Dutton & Co., $5.95

For if experience teaches us anything at all it teaches us this: that a good politician, under democracy, is quite as unthinkable as an honest burglar.

H.L. Mencken

Prejudices, 1919

Royko is irreverent, perhaps as irreverent as Mencken, and that's what makes him fun to read.

What those who value their liberty can share with the liberal Royko is the presumption that all politicians are scoundrels. Royko accepts nothing from politicians on face value and has an unerring instinct for the jugular. Both of these are attributes of a good reporter.

Unfortunately, Royko's liberal bias shows; he seldom uses his scalpel against the left. His book must be read with this in mind.

Boss: Richard J. Daley of Chicago, is based on fact and inference. Royko has tried to interview Daley but was rebuffed, to no one's surprise. His book, therefore, is not an inside behind-the-scenes story, but a biography written by a pretty narrow-minded liberal who happens to be a superb writer.

Although it contains inaccuracies, distortions and some uncalled for blows below the belt, it is a fascinating story of a lower-class politician who has become one of the most powerful men in America.

When liberals read *Boss*, they alternately rub their hands in glee as Royko skewers the old-fashioned, right-wing mayor and shriek in horror as Daley is shown stomping all over their pet liberal projects. For example: "His urban renewal program amounted to a stack full of charts and blueprints. Rats gnawed on black infant's feet, while money was used to build new police stations around the corner. The Daley years were underway with the values that would never change: things, concrete, glass, steel, downtown, business profit. Then if there's anything left, maybe something for the human being."

Obvious distortion, but the point is not without its kernel of truth.

But Royko, who grew up in Chicago's streets, is not above hitting below the belt: "Since childhood he has attended daily mass, as his mother did before him ... Regardless of what he may do in the afternoon, and to whom, he will always pray in the morning."

For the most part, what Royko says about Daley is probably true. But while a liberal will look at the picture Royko paints and say, "What a horrible mayor ... Look how he has been building the city at the expense of the poor," the conservative will see a man who has run the city with an iron hand, but run it well. Although his accomplishments — Chicago's strong financial base, its soaring building rate, and its revival of the central business district — are not praised in Royko's book, most of them are given at least backhanded recognition:

"It (the city campus of the University of Illinois) wasn't easy to build because thousands of families in the city's oldest Italian neighborhood had to be uprooted and their homes and churches torn down. They cried that they were betrayed because they had been promised they would stay. But he built it."

If Royko's liberal bias is kept in mind, *Boss* can be read to shed light on Daley as mayor and boss of the last big city political machine.

Such light is valuable. Few of us labor under the illusion that our politicians are saints or angels. Any book aimed at yanking lefty politicians off their pedestals cannot be anything but beneficial as long as it serves to remind us that our liberty hangs by a tenuous thread even when good rulers are in power.

Frank W. Blatchford III

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Gray Power

Why Can't They Be Like Us? America's White Ethnic Groups

by Andrew M. Greeley
E.P. Dutton & Co., $6.95

Father Andrew Greeley is almost certain to be excommunicated for penning *Why Can't They Be Like Us?* It is not that he does not genuflect properly before all the icons of Eastern Establishment Liberal Orthodoxy — he does. Rather, despite going through the forms of ritual, Father Greeley fails to accept certain liberal doctrines as matters of faith, and he even giggles at some of the communicants in the midst of holy liberal communion.

Greeley, who is Director of the Center for the Study of Ethnic Pluralism at the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago, was a parish priest in Chicago's urban melting pot. At the root of Greeley's sociological observations is the question of to what extent the melting pot indeed does melt.

Professors, politicians and other professional fussbudgets have assumed that our urban crucibles have acted as the great homogenizers of society. Beyond the first or second generation, Poles, Germans, Italians and Irish simply scattered from their separate and isolated ghettoes and became simply hard hats, right? Wrong, says Greeley.

And, further, Greeley suggests the heretofore unthinkable: perhaps what we should consider in the years ahead is not how best to break up these separate ethnic communities, but, rather, how to operate upon the reality of their existence. It is at this point that Greeley exhibits his grasp of reality that eludes most well-meaning liberal social planners. That is — much to the chagrin of the New Dealers, Fair Dealers and Wheeler Dealers — imperfect men cannot be programmed with the same predictable results as can an IBM 360.

A Pole on Chicago's North Side is not *ipso facto* a racist because he is fond of his community and resents and fears intrusions by outsiders. Slinging the charge of "white racism" about too freely hinders understanding of the true nature of the aspirations and fears — real or imagined —which spur America's white ethnics.

Greeley's main explicitly political conclusion is that where Mayor Lindsay ("...the intelligent and sophisticated Mr. Lindsay...") has failed Mayor Daley has succeeded. Boss Daley, despite the ogreish portrayal of the man, has managed to hold Chicago together (75 per cent of the vote most recently) partly through recognizing the ethnic communities ad integrating them into the political machine at the same time that Hohn Lindsay's charisma (45 per cent) has acted as a centrifuge, contributing to Fun City's ungovernability.

Had Father Greeley stopped after excoriating the dreamy-eyed social planners mooning over the millennium his membership in the established secular religion of the land might have been salvaged. Alas, to his credit, Greeley did not stop there. In an outrageous chapter Greeley identifies even the intellectual community as an ethnic group. To wit, " ... a member of the intellectual ethnic group can be identified by the journals he reads. Subscriptions to any two of the following are sufficient to guarantee one membership at least on the margins of this ethnic group: *The New York Times*, *Commentary*, *Partisan Review*, *Saturday Review*, *The New York Review of Books*, *Atlantic* (but not *Harper's*), *Dissent*, *The New Republic* and the *Nation*. In cases of doubt a subscription to *The New York Review of Books* alone will suffice."

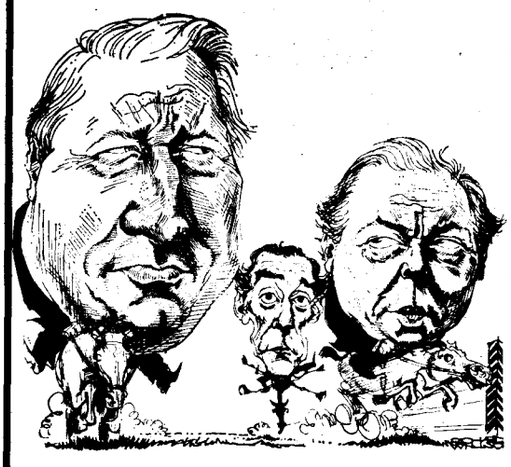
Or: "The strong moralism in the intellectual ethnic is reinforced by two other factors. For one, the intellectual's roots in the Puritan Protestant and Jewish messianic past would incline him toward moralism even if there were none so bold as to disagree with him. For another, convinced as he is of his superior intelligence, the intellectual has no trouble in concluding his superior moral rectitude: he is both right and righteous."

In reading these thoughts I was, by this time, quite overcome. What would Greeley serve up after these appetizers? The *piece de resistance* is selected from a menu which boils many of the youthful revolutionaries and intellectuals in a style one would not expect outside the Vice President's office: "The intellectual who shivers with delight at the fantasy of a Polish storm trooper kicking in his door at four o'clock in the morning has the same contact with reality as does the Polish homeowner on the Northwest Side of Chicago who thinks that Black Panthers are lurking in his corner drugstore. Both have created terrors for their own entertainment and delight..."

But let us move away from the intellectuals and back to the more germane urban ethnics. Greeley concludes that what is needed is understanding and interaction, not condemnation and homogenization. The differences at-

The Spectator

The Outspoken Weekly



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tending various white ethnic groups will be wih us for some years to come.

Why Can't They Be Like Us? states why they are not and urges the same temperance and understanding in the area of civil rights that Presidential advisor Daniel Patrick Moynihan called for when he advised "benign neglect," and I expect it will attract the same wrath from Liberaldom that Moynihan received. While being only a pioneer endeavor, Greeley's work is a valuable contribution to understanding the phenomenon of American acculturation. And it is delightfully written.

Jefferson Davis, a disc jockey in Pike County, Indiana, is a connoiseur of rock and roll music. His hobbies are "mingling with the crowd" and dancing.

Jefferson Davis

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

The April 1971 issue of *The Alternative* contained an article by one Lazy Joe Fish entitled, "Fiction and Conservatives." The article only goes to prove how many a well-meaning conservative can become an ideologue, intent only on finding in literature, even literature totally unrelated to politics, justifications for his conservative beliefs.

The thesis of "Fiction and Conservatives" is "that fiction — fiction embracing poetry ... is and has been a great source of conservative strength during this cruel and wonderful century." If the article simply implied that great literature, literature which affirms such human values as freedom and individualism, lends support to fundamental conservative tenets such as individual freedom and free choice, there would be no problem. But Mr. Fish goes out of his way to name specific writers and pin them down as being without a doubt, avid supporters of ideological conservatism. He names T.S. Eliot, Evelyn Waugh, Hemingway, Faulkner, Hawthorne, Melville and Twain as authors in whose writings he, as a conservative, finds great solace and support. As Fish put it, "Twain ... is Twain." How does he find in Mark Twain support for ideological conservatism? He says from *Huckleberry Finn*. So what? Liberals are always finding from Twain's works support for their ideology. *Ramparts* Magazine once published a huge article "proving" that Twain was a radical socialist. The leftists at *Ramparts* did the same thing your poet from Slippery Bear Shoot, Indiana has done: read great literature not for its value as literature, but for its supposed value as a source of conservative (or leftist) ideology.

And one final point is in order. Mr. Fish attempts to explain the preponderance of radical humanities majors (as contrasted to the scarcity of radical math or science majors.) He states, most probably correctly, that no one who has read great literature would want to go out and burn a University down. He condemns the "assistant-assistant-assistant professors" who "don't give a damn whether or not the students read." *Forcing* students in a university to take required literature courses outside their area of interest and *forcing* these unwilling bodies further to read books they do not want to read, is not the answer to the radicals. If a student in a lit. class does not want to read the book, the high schoolish prodding of a professor is not going to make him read the book — coercion will only cause resentment, resentment of reading. If a student refuses to read, it is unfortunate for *him*, and it should not be the function of the university to force him to read. If he can fake a "C," then, so what? If he is at all serious, he'll never make it anyway because of his cultivated ignorance. Anyway, I thought conservatives were the ones who opposed coercion.

Sincerely,
Lawrence Polon
Los Angeles, Calif.

A reply to Mr. Polon's Letter:

1. The entire sixth paragraph of my article reads as follows: "English literature during the twentieth century, then, has been, if not conservative in the sense that Robert Taft was conservative, at its center deeply anti-liberal." I thought this paragraph had made it clear that I was not claiming the writers in question are (to use Mr. Polon's phrase) "avid supporters of ideological conservatism." But it is a writer's duty to make his ideas clear the first time and I obviously have not done so. Allow me one more try.

The point of my article was not that Herman Melville would have necessarily voted the straight Republican ticket or that T.S. Eliot and Karl Mundt would have gotten along famously. My point, stated briefly, is this: that way of looking at the world which most intelligent men describe as "conservative," has at its center certain fundamental tendencies. These tendencies are at the heart of much of the great literature of our century. Now these same tendencies are, by and large, not at the heart of the predominant ideological force of the past two hundred years, i.e. Liberalism. And, finally, these tendencies are at the heart of *political* conservatism.

Now comes the hard part. I am *not* saying that because great literature has a "conservative" basis that therefore the great authors are "ideological conservatives." Nor am I saying that the great works are somehow or other "conservative" in a strictly ideological sense. What I am saying is that great literature (exemplified but not exhausted by the examples I gave) and political conservatism are fed by the same spiritual and intellectual stream. Political liberalism is not fed by this stream, but by another — and some would say, a stronger — stream going back to the eighteenth century at least.

I did not mean to suggest (and, in all honesty, upon re-reading what I have written, I do not think I did suggest) that we read, say *Moby Dick*, to "find support" for some "ideology."

2. I thought that I had made clear that Twain is Twain and that he is his own man. I suggest Mr. Polon re-read this section of my article and I am certain if he does he will find that I did not try to pin some kind of "ideological conservative" badge on the great Twain. I did say — and continue to say — that *Huckleberry Finn* could not

(continued to page 23)

Language is Sermonic
Richard M. Weaver
on the Nature of Rhetoric

Edited by Richard L. Johannesen,
Rennard Strickland and Ralph T. Eubanks

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"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." – Euripedes

NEW REPUBLIC

Oh, so heady are the thoughts illuminating page after page of the contemporary *New Republic:*
It is a powerful idea. What man who has ever fought a highway department or power company can feel anything but a kind of sadistic joy at the thought of hauling these people into court to demand, not whether they have followed their own pettifogging rules, but whether they have done the right thing?

The crafty *New Republic* **heaves a juicy blandishment to the Redeemer of the Silent Majority:**
For a good many bright, sophisticated and ordinarily skeptical Americans, getting into the People's Republic of China at this point would be about as attractive as winning a million dollars by taking part in a chain letter operation.

Archaeological findings recently published by the spear-carrying editors of the cultured *New Republic:*
That is one thing in barbaric America that even the most tolerant and sympathetic visitors from civilized countries outside cannot understand. The U.S. is the only industrialized country on earth that permits gun sales.

THE EVERGREEN REVIEW

Presidential hopeful, Dotson Rader, tells all:
I personally came to respect the guts appeared one day in Washington and disappeared the next ... principled kids, free and clear, unaware they had already won the struggle inside themselves which many of us who came into our politics earlier were still fighting.

THE WASHINGTON POST

A sophisticated exchange lifted from the celebrated pages of *The Washington Post:*

Q. I saw a picture of Jackie Onassis walking around in Portofino, Italy wearing a kind of tee-shirt. It was obvious she had no bra on under it. Is Mrs. Onassis one of those bra burners?

G.R., Huntington, NY

A. Jackie is definitely not a bra burner if you mean a women's lib type. The movement does not interest her a bit. She likes being a feminine woman — in the company of exciting, stimulating men. In resort areas abroad, Jackie is apt to behave as other sophisticated resorters do. It was only a few years back, after her marriage to Onassis, that Jackie's old-fashioned "teddy" type panties and unwieldy, cantilevered bras were the talk of fitting room circles. It was the dynamic designer Halston who reportedly persuaded Jackie to "get with it" in the lingerie department. Or, as in the Portofino instance, do without it.

STEPHEN HESS IN THE NEW YORK TIMES:

From one of America's foremost minds, the Grand Mullah of the White House Conference on Youth, comes this proud revelation coupled by a lush view of the future and an audacious prescription:
When in December, 1969, President Nixon appointed me National Chairman of the White House Conference on Children and Youth my instructions were "to listen well to the voices of American youth." I have tried hard to fulfill this Presidential mandate — although at times it was near-impossible to hear the voices in the midst of all the shouting. If the last year and a half has taught me nothing else, it has certainly taught me to both like and respect this youth (sic) generation. I, for one, have absolutely no fear for the future of this country. It will be in capable hands. In the meantime, however, I prescribe a dash of patience and a generous nip of goodwill.

Yet another specimen of the workings of a really high-grade intellect:
It is perhaps amazing — and certainly encouraging — that we were able to have such an essentially moderate gathering as the White House Conference on Youth (and I say "moderate" despite the sometimes "radical" nature of its recommendations).

THE WASHINGTON MONTHLY

A futile attempt at seriousness by the clowns and buffoons at the humorous

Gay Lib and Women's Lib have played a crucial role in each other's development. Together they expose the underbelly of society in a more extensive, penetrating way than either could alone, uncovering the depth and extent to which predetermined masculine-feminine roles have governed social dynamics, not only allowing, but often forcing one group of people to exploit another.

Wake up America! Dr. Emil Mrake (Ph. D., M.D.), Chairman of the HEW Commission on Pesticides, has carefully studied the entire issue and intoned this memorable line:

We need a study of our total food habits. We're living in an era of Food McCarthyism.

THE NATION

The *Nation* **pronounces on Angela Davis' Ph. D.:**

In predominantly white middle-class Marin County, communism and black militancy are anathemas. The much publicized rise in the tax rate attributed to this trial can hardly fail to influence the county's taxpayers, from whose ranks the jury may be drawn.

Accordingly, an analysis of the fairness of the Angela Davis trial cannot proceed on a purely legal level. It must also examine the community and racial aspects of the trial, and the peculiar but no longer unique combination of race and politics influencing the atmosphere of the trial in and out of the courtroom. Both the state and the accused have an interest in obtaining the fairest trial possible. In reality, fairness can only be approximated; we come closest to it when, while operating in an imperfect system, we strive to remedy imperfections. The worst we can do is deny their existence.

SENATOR HUBERT HUMPRHREY

A rhetorical triumph from the old master:
The cities are 'mortally sick and getting sicker.'

BISHOP MOORE

Sophisticated pronouncement on democratic process from that ardent engine of Christian Endeavor and Patriotic Renaissance, Bishop Paul Moore, DD, Episcopal Bishop of New York and multimillionaire:
When the state wages illegal war against the will of the majority the claims by which the state are traditionally honored by the church come into question. Has our state ceased to be a democratic instrument of peace and justice?

Mental health note from Bishop Paul Moore, illustrious Episcopal Bishop of New York:
The health of a democracy can be judged by its debonair tolerance for dissent. A sick state, lacking in confidence, quivers at the sight of opposition. Is our government verging paranoia, the most dangerous of psychosis?

CBS

An authentic specimen of objective reportage from the innocent rictus of Peter Kalischer, Paris:
Apparently the U.S. is not yet ready to set the date ... They know that once President Nixon sets that date the days of the Saigon government are numbered.

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continuing crisis

(continued from page 4)

a verse of the hymn, "Amazing Grace," ending with an extraordinary corn shucking yell. Mr. George Meany, head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., excoriated the President's controls on wages and prices, calling them "discriminatory" against labor. Mr. Leroy "Satchel" Paige, the eminent baseball pitcher, was raised to the "Hall of Fame," and on 20 August the life sentence of Lt. William Calley was reduced to twenty years. So the crisis continues. □

welfare

(continued from page 8)

●Third, the nature of politics in a large and pluralistic society virtually guarantees that the welfare state will misuse its vast and meddlesome powers.

The structure of the democratic welfare state determines its motives. These motives cause it to distort the market's rational husbanding of resources; to corrupt the practice of popular government; and to hurt most those with the least discretionary income—that is the poor. The welfare state's habits undermine the citizens' inclination to mind their own business and to respect other people's private desires.

Confronted with the welfare state's dismal record and confused rationale, liberals resort to the claim that the impulse behind the welfare state is benevolent, and "therefore" the welfare state is better than its record or rationales. But that claim is like Mark Twain's remark that Wagner's music is better than it sounds. At best the welfare state is a bland leviathan, a cumbersome, flabby, incompetent, expensive impediment to the people's energies.

Most of the time the welfare state is acting as the defender of the strong against the disorganized who are being made to pay for the support of the strong.

The conservative program is clear. We must explain the principles and efficacy of freedom to the people. And we must oppose government activities which inflame those ever-present human appeties which cause men to abandon principles. The only answer is to elect men who wil insist that the government mind its own business; and who know that the government's proper business is preserving for the citizens the freedom to mind their own business. □

correspondence

(continued from page 21)

have been written by a man infected with nineteenth-century progressive Liberalism.

3. Mr. Polon's last point is a curious one. If I understand him correctly he is suggesting that when I condemn teachers "who don't give a damn whether or not students read" that I am somehow or other making an argument for coercion of students. Not so. There is a great middle ground between letting students do what they damn well please and coercing them to do what they don't want to do. One name for this middle ground is "teaching," an art sadly neglected in universities. His reference to "high-schoolish prodding" is, shall we say, loading the dice. The fact of the matter is that I do not believe students should be forced to take "required literature courses" and my article was not meant to deal with that ugly phenomenon. What I had reference to were "English majors." I understand this to mean those who have by their own free will undertaken a serious study of English.

Lazy Joe Fish
Slippery Bear Shoot, Indiana

To the Editor:

I think my phone is being tapped. I am sure of it, though the phone company tells me that it is not. I am writing to the Washington *Post* to express my deep-felt anxieties on this score. If they can tap me, well — hell — they can tap just about anyone. We are all under surveillance. God help us. And another thing. I never know where Agnew is from day to day. One day he shows up in Virginia, then he is in Tennessee, a week later in California. Nobody is safe anymore. I am seeking a court injunction to stop this business because it is driving me and my poor cat crazy. There is no reason why a free society should have to tolerate this business.

My best,
George Carey
Washington, D.C.

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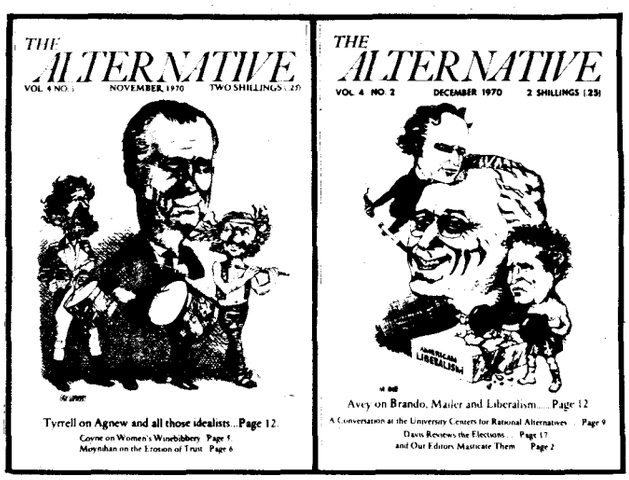
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